

# Collier's

5¢ a copy

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

for October 10, 1914

**The White Feather**  
*by Arnold Bennett*

**The Miracle Club**  
*by Grantland Rice*

**Spy-Catching in England**  
*by Henry Reuterdaahl*



# PRINCE ALBERT

*the national joy smoke*

Jam *this* in your old jimmy pipe:

You can't any more drive a man to cheer for a pipe smoke that bites up his tongue than you can grow little blades of green grass on a busy street!

So—when you pike-it north, south, east, west and see men all along the line *going-to* Prince Albert, *natural-like*, figure it out they've hit the trail that leads to the land of jimmy pipe joy!

## *Now, you all get set*

for here's bully sport—this hook-up of a jimmy pipe, some Prince Albert and a match. You can play the game far as you like—and the more you smoke, the greater the joy! That's 100 per cent. talk, but it is a sure-thing bet!

Say, *you* get real fussy with P. A. Smoke it mean-like to prove it out. If your middle name's "Missouri," go to it *four ways at once!* And that will be all right, all right. *Because* Prince Albert never bit any other man's tongue—and it won't bite yours!

That's because P. A. is made by a patented process that *cuts out the bite!* No other tobacco can be made like Prince Albert. That'll be about all.

For carrying conveniently so as to always have a jimmy pipeful or the makin's for a P. A. cigarette there isn't anything better than the tidy red tin, 10c, or the toppy red bag, 5c. But for keeping P. A. at home ready for the boys that happen along about the 10th inning there's nothing to equal the crystal glass humidor which comes with the pound purchase of P. A. Buy a pound of P. A. today for the sake of the glass humidor. Next time buy a pound tin humidor or a half-pound tin humidor to keep the glass jar full.



Copyright 1914 by  
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.





*Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,  
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm*  
—Gray

## The Studebaker Is Essentially The Family Car—The Car That Your Wife or Daughter Can Safely And Easily Drive

**T**HE Studebaker is a safe car—safe in the simplicity and positiveness of its control—safe in strength and quality of materials and integrity of manufacturing practice.

Safe in the engineering skill that gives it its perfect balance and its ability to stick to the road—safe in the abundance of power and perfection of control that enables it to crawl through congested traffic without danger of stalling—or to get away quickly when speed is essential.

And it is this generally recognized factor of safety that gives to the Studebaker car its unusual percentage of women drivers.

The Studebaker is as easy to drive as an Electric car—almost as easy to control as a pony cart.

The pressure of a foot pedal starts the car—the touch of a button lights the electric lamps—or dims the headlights for city driving.

The Steering post is short and firm: there is no vibration to affect the nerves or tire the arms—a touch of the hand is sufficient to hold the car steady in the road, or to turn the wheels in any direction.

The control lever is placed in the center of the foot board

within easy reach of the right hand of the driver—the gears move easily and quietly into their engagements and cannot slip—the brakes are positive and powerful—conveniently placed for quick action.

And the simplicity of control is simply one feature of Studebaker quality—It is a natural result of Studebaker engineering and manufacturing methods—of the ideals that are back of the Studebaker car—of the honesty of purpose that underlies every manufacturing process.

The Studebaker Car is manufactured complete in Studebaker plants.

The steels that go into it are made to special formulae and are forged and heat treated in Studebaker plants.

The Studebaker motor with its sturdy en-bloc construction and its wonderful small bore, long stroke design is built complete in Studebaker plants.

Every essential part—gears, transmission, full floating rear axle, front axle, body, top—is made complete in Studebaker plants.

Is it any wonder that Studebaker cars are quality cars?—Is it any wonder that they so perfectly reflect in beauty of design, in richness of finish and sturdiness of structure the ideals and purposes of the Studebaker organization?

*The Studebaker Automobile Book is a volume of unusual interest—write for it.*

Studebaker Prices		
FOUR Roadster	- - - -	\$ 985
FOUR Touring Car	- - - -	985
SIX 5-Passenger	- - - -	1385
SIX 7-Passenger	- - - -	1450
F. O. B. Detroit		

**Studebaker**  
DETROIT  
Canadian Plant, Walkerville, Ont.

**Applying to All Studebaker Cars**  
Full floating rear axle with Timken bearings—  
Electric starting and lighting—Extra size tires  
—Safety tread in the rear—Built-in wind  
shield—"One-man" type silk mohair top—  
Crown fenders.



Copyright 1914 by Hart Schaffner &amp; Marx

## You men who earn your own money should buy Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes

Our label in clothes is a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

**R**EADY clothes like these are so good; so well designed of such excellent materials, so perfectly tailored, and they fit so well, there's no real reason why any man should pay the price in time and money of having clothes made-to-measure.

The economy of such clothes as ours at \$25 and upward is too great to be neglected, especially by young men who want to make every dollar count.

You see here at the left of the group our young men's Chesterfield overcoat; next the new ulsterette. In the center, our suit Model 54, the smartest of the new styles for young men. The fur collared greatcoat is one of the season's luxuries in clothes.

You'll see this illustration in colors in the window of the merchant who sells our goods.

## Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago

New York



# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered at the New York Post  
Office as Second-Class Matter

MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the  
Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

# Paris at Bay

## The Tragic Week With the Germans at the Gates

PARIS, Sept. 9.

By Arthur Ruhl

IT WAS just a week ago that I reached Paris. In those seven days a tremendous drama has swept to its climax and ebbed away again. There was a moment when it seemed as if Paris were on the very brink—as if the days of '70 were to come again. The Germans were almost at the city gates, the Government had fled—the peril was real and imminent. Then the German advance plans for the offensive. How this was brought about and what will be the effects, must be left for those with more perspective than we have here. We, at least, have been on the edge of it all, in that sense a part of it, and the broad event may perhaps be made more real if such an eyewitness sets down a few of the things he actually touched, saw, and heard.

### The Anxious Crossing

THE Germans were said to be only sixty-eight miles from Paris when we left England. The Calais and Boulogne routes were already closed. Dieppe and Havre might at any moment follow. You must go now, people said, if you want to get there at all.

And yet the boat was crowded as it left Folkestone. We must have waited nearly an hour at the gangway while passports were examined, one by one. And in bright afternoon sunshine and a fresh breeze we hurried over the Channel, empty of any sign of war, unless war showed in its very emptiness. Next to me sat a young Frenchman, rather different from those we had met before—ardent, high-strung Latins hurrying home to fight. Good-looking, tall, and rather languid in manner, he spoke English with an English accent, and you would have taken him for an Englishman. A big canvas bag full of golf clubs leaned against the wall behind him and he had been trying to play golf at one of the east coast seaside places in England. But one couldn't play in a time like this, and the young man sighed and waved his hands rather desperately—one couldn't settle down to anything. So he was going home. To fight?—I suggested. Possibly, he said—the army had refused him several years ago because he wasn't strong enough or something; maybe they would take him now. Very politely, in his quiet English manner, he asked me down to tea. When he stood by the rail watching the tawny French cliffs draw nearer, one noticed a certain weary droop to his shoulders, in contrast to his well-tanned, rather athletic-looking, face—born a little tired, perhaps, like the young nobleman in Bernstein's "Whirlwind." His baggage was addressed to a Norman chateau.

On the other side was a pink-checked boy of seventeen, all French, though he spoke English excellently, and divided his time between writing post cards to the boys he had been visiting in England and reading General von Bernhardi's "Germany and the Next War." General Bernhardi's book contains sentences like this: "France must be so completely crushed that she can never again come across our path"; or again: "War is not merely a necessary element in the life of nations, but an indispensable factor of culture, in which a true civilized nation finds the highest expression of strength and vitality." The young Frenchman looked up from this book, in which you see revealed, with intense earnestness, the curiously

impersonal, almost mystical, enthusiasm for war which characterizes the Prussian militarists. "The first chapter, 'The Right to Make War,'" he said, "I understand that—yes! But the second chapter—'The Duty to Make War'—he laughed and shook his head. "No—no—no!" He was the son of an insurance agent who was already at the front, and, although still under age, he hoped to enlist. We drew nearer Dieppe—tall French houses leaning inward with

tricolors in the windows, a quay with the baggy red breeches of French soldiers showing here and there—just such a scene as they paint on theatre curtains at home. Our boat did not usually come to Dieppe—we flew the British flag and were thus allies and friends.

A smoky tug whistled uproariously, there was a patter of wooden shoes as children clattered along the stone jetty after us, and from all over the crowd that had come down to greet us came brave shouts of "EEP-EEP Hoorah! EEP-EEP Hoorah!"

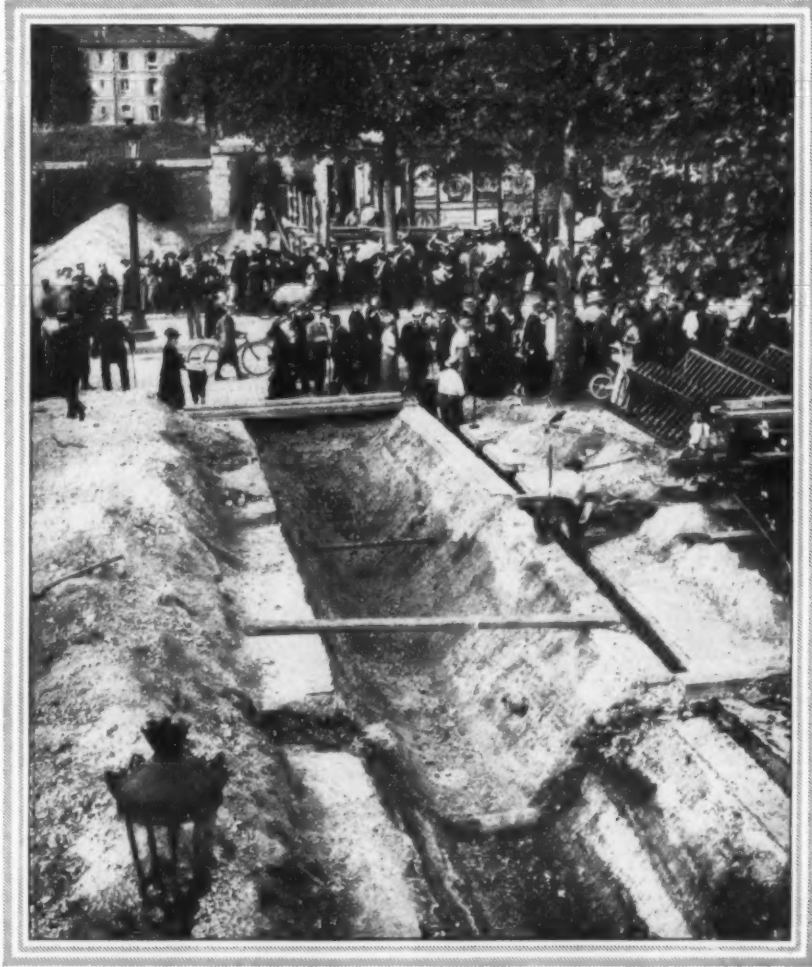
### With the Dispossessed

THERE was no news, or at least no reliable news, but one felt war very near. A lot of wounded had been brought into town that day, business was stopped, the great beach deserted; some thought that the Germans would be in Dieppe in a day or two and were leaving for the south. Our train was supposed to start as soon as the boat arrived and reach Paris before ten that night. It was after dark before we got away and another day had come before we crawled into St. Lazare.

There was a wild rush for places as soon as the gates opened; one took what one could, and nine of us, including three little children, were glad enough to crowd into a third-class compartment. Two ladies, with the three little children, were hurrying away from the battle that their husbands thought was going to be fought near Dieppe within a day or two. From Paris they hoped to get to the south of France. Over and over again the husbands said good-by, then the guards whistled for the last time. "Allez!" and a boy of about six went to the door of the compartment to receive his father's embrace. "Don't let the Germans get you!" cried the father, with a great air of gaiety and kissed the boy again and again. He returned to his corner, rubbed his

fists into his eyes, and the tears rolled out under them. Then the two little girls—twins, it seemed, about four years old, in little mushroom hats—took their turns, and they put their fists into their eyes and cried, and then the two mothers began to cry, and the men, dabbing their eyes and puffing vigorously at their cigars, cried good-by over and over, and so at last we moved out of the station.

The long train crept, stopped, backed, crept on again. Through the open windows one caught glimpses of rows of poplar trees and the countryside lying cool and white in the moonlight. Then came stations with sentries, stray soldiers hunting for a place to squeeze in, and now and then empty troop trains jolted by, smelling of horses. In the confusion at Dieppe we had had no time to get anything to eat, and several hours went by before, at a station lunch room, already supposed to be closed, I got part of a loaf of bread. One of the young mothers brought out a bit of chocolate, the other a little bottle of wine, and so we had supper—a *souper de lueur*, as one of them laughed—all, by this time, old friends.



Trenches are being dug to-day in the streets of Paris over the very scars of excavations from which the sires of the present generation fought the Germans in 1870. The trenches in the photograph were made in the region of Porte Maillot late in August



Eleven o'clock—midnight—the gas intended for a short journey grew dimmer and dimmer, presently flickered out. We were in darkness—all the train was in darkness—we were alone in France, wrapped in war and moonlight, half real beings who had been adventuring together, not for hours, but for years. The dim figure on the left sighed, tried one position and another uneasily, and suddenly said that if it would not derange Monsieur too much, she would try to sleep on his shoulder. It would not derange Monsieur in the least. On the contrary—

"You must make yourself at home in France," laughed the mother of the two little girls. But the other was even more polite.

"Nous sommes en Amérique!" she murmured.

The train jolted slowly on. An hour or two after midnight it stopped and a strange figure in turban and white robe peered in. "Complet! Complet!"

cried the lady with the little girls. But the figure kept staring in, and, turning, chattered to others like him. There was a crowd of them, men from France's African colonies, from Algeria or Morocco, who had been working in the French mines and were now going back to take the places of trained soldiers—the daredevil "Turcos"—sent north to fight the Germans.

They did not get into our compartment, but into the one next to it, and as there was no place to sit down, stood in patient Arab fashion, and after a time gradually edged into ours, where they squatted on the floor. They talked their broken French or Italian or their native speech and now and then broke into snatches of a wild sort of song. In Paris girls run into the street and throw their arms about the brave "Morocs" as they march by, but the lady with the little girls felt that they were a trifle smelly, and, fishing out a bottle of scent, she wet a handkerchief with it and passed it round.

### Paris Kept in Ignorance

THE young Frenchman lit a match—three—twenty. The little boy, rousing from his corner, suddenly announced, apropos of nothing, that the Germans ought to be dropped into kettles of boiling water; at once came the voice of one of the little girls, sound asleep apparently before this, warning him that he must not talk like that or the Germans might hear and shoot them. We jolted on, backed, and suddenly one became aware that the gray light was not that of the moon. The lady at my left sat upright. "The day comes!" she said briskly. It grew lighter. We passed sentries, rifles stacked on station platforms, woods—the forest of St. Germain. These woods were misty blue in the cool autumn morning, there were bivouac fires, coffee-pots on the coals, and standing beside these fires soldiers in kepis and red trousers and heavy blue coats with the flaps pinned back. Just such soldiers and scenes you have seen in the war pictures of Detaille and De Neuville. Bridges, more houses, the rectangular grass-covered faces of forts at last, just as Paris was getting up for breakfast into the St. Lazare station, heaped with trunks and boiling with people, Parisians, belated American tourists, refugees from northeast villages, going somewhere, anywhere, to get away.

You have been told of the appearance of Paris—empty streets, miles of closed shops, with placards on the shutters—"Closed because the proprietor and personnel have been called to the colors"; no busses or trams, the few cabs piled with the luggage of those trying to get away, almost no way to traverse the city's splendid distances but to walk. In London it had seemed that we knew nothing of what was going on, but in Paris one knew less. Papers could not even be cried aloud on the streets, and the only news they had was the three or four blind sentences of the official *communiqué* and a word about some Serbian or Russian victory in some unpronounceable region of the East. "France is a history, a life, an

idea which has taken its place in the world, and the bit of earth from which that history, that life, that thought, has radiated, we cannot sacrifice without sealing the stone of the tomb over ourselves and our children and the generations to follow us."

Thus George Clemenceau was writing in "L'Homme Libre," and people knew that this was true. And yet in that ghastly silence of Paris, broken only by the constant flight of military automobiles, screaming through the streets on missions nobody understood, those left behind did not even know where the enemy was, where the defenders were, or what was being done to save Paris. And it gradually, and not unnaturally, seemed to the more nervous that nothing had been done—the forts were paper, the government faithless, revolution imminent—one heard the wildest things. Late that afternoon I walked down from the Madeleine toward the river. It was the "hour of the apéritif"—there were still enough people left in Paris to fill the café tables—and since Sunday it had been the hour of the German aeroplane. It had come that afternoon, dropped a few bombs—"quelques ordures"—and sailed away to return next day at the same hour. "You have remarked," explained one of the papers, "that people who are without wit always repeat their jokes, so that everyone may understand." And just as I came into the Place de la Concorde, "Mr. Taube" (the German aeroplanes are shaped like a dove) came up out of the north.

You must imagine that vast open space, with the bridge and river and Invalides behind it, and beyond the light tracery of the Eiffel Tower, covered with little specks of people, all looking upward. Back along the boulevards, on roofs on both banks, all Paris, in fact, was similarly staring—"le nez en l'air." And straight overhead, so far up that even the murmur of the motor was unheard, no more than a bird, indeed, against the pale sky, "Mr. Taube," circling indolently about, picking his moment, plotting our death.

I thought of the shudder of outraged horror that ran over Antwerp when the Zeppelin came in the night to slaughter a few women and helpless non-combatants. It seemed the last unnecessary stroke of brutality to a heroic people who had already stood so much. Very different was "Mr. Taube's" reception here. He might have been a holiday balloon or some particularly fancy piece of fireworks. Everywhere people were staring upward, looking through their closed fists, through opera glasses. Out of the arcades of the Hôtel de Crillon one man in a bathrobe and another in a suit of purple underclothes came running, to gaze calmly into the zenith until the "von" had gone.

As the little speck drew straight overhead, these human specks scattered over the Place de la Concorde suddenly realized that they were in the line of fire, and scattered just as people run from a sud-

den shower. This was the most interesting part of "Mr. Taube's" visit—these helpless little humans scrambling away like ants or beetles to shelter, and that tiny insolent bird sailing slowly far overhead. This was a bit of the modern war one reads about—it was a picture from some fanciful story of Mr. H. G. Wells. They scattered for the arcades, and some, quaintly enough, ran under the trees in the near-by Champs-Élysées. There was a "Bang!" at which everybody shouted "There!" but it was not a bomb as near as I could make out, only part of the absurd fusillade that now began. They were firing from the Eiffel Tower, whence they might possibly have hit something, and from roofs with ordinary guns and revolvers which could not possibly have hit anything at all.

Descending, I turned into the Rue des Abbesses, crowded with vegetable carts and thrifty housewives. The gray air was filled with their bargaining, with the smell of vegetables and fruit, and in the midst of it, in front of two men playing violins, a girl in black was singing "Le Fusil de Bois"—about the little boy in an Alsatian village who was shot by the Prussians because he cried "Vive la France!" and pretended to be a soldier with his wooden gun.

### Putting Hatred of Prussia Into Song

TRUE or not, it was one of those things that get believed. Poems were written about it and pictures made of it all over Paris—presently it will be history. And this girl, true child of the Paris asphalt, was flinging it at them, holding the hearts of these broad-faced mothers in the hollow of her hand.

She would sing one verse, pause, and sell copies of the song, then put a hand to her hoarse throat and sing the next. The music was not sold with the song, and it was rather curious and difficult—a mournful sort of recitative with sudden shifts into a rhythm suggesting soldiers marching—and so the little semicircle of listeners sang the words over solemnly with her until after a time they had almost learned the tune. "You can imagine how a Frenchman—he was a young fellow who lived in a rear tenement over on the other side of Montmartre—would write that song. The little boy playing soldier, the Prussians marching into the village:

"Happily, he murmured, I am quite small,  
But the day will come when I shall be a man,  
Ardent,  
Valiant,  
Then, full of courage, I shall free  
Down there, down there, all our brothers from Alsace!..."

Then, after each verse, a pause, and very slowly and lower down, with the crowd joining in:

"Petit-enfant . . . little boy, close your big blue eyes, for the bandits are hideous and cruel, and they will kill you if they read what you are thinking . . . ferment les grands yeux bleus . . ."

Down below them as they sang, Paris lay in her gray mist, and out beyond that somewhere the little soldiers in red breeches were fighting—it might have been the voice of Paris herself, Paris of lost Alsace and hopeless *revanche*, of ardor and charm crushed once, as they might be again, as the voice of that pale girl in black, with her air of coming from lights and cigarette smoke, and of these simple market women rose above the noise of the street, half dirge, half battle cry—for out behind the fog the Prussian avalanche was rolling down and the fate of Paris hanging in the balance that morning.



Wounded "Turcos," troops from the French colonies in Africa, being taken to a Red Cross Hospital near Meaux



After the battle of the Marne motor cars and ambulances were waiting at the Gare St. Lazare for the wounded. Those well enough to eat were fed before they were whirled away to the hospitals



# The White Feather

## A Sketch of English Recruiting

By Arnold Bennett

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER J. ENRIGHT

THIS is a true story, for the essential facts of which I vouch. The final spectacular incident has not yet actually happened,

but it may happen at any moment on a fine day. On a recent afternoon Cedric Rollinson, looking excited and triumphant, entered the great olive-green, white-lettered gates of the establishment of the Imperial Blank Manufacturing Company, Limited. He was twenty-nine years of age and seemed younger. A conscientious young man, with a considerable sense of responsibility! Also, a successful young man, for he added to conscientiousness much industry, and he had been well educated and scientifically trained for his job. His job was an expert job in the establishment of the Imperial Blank Manufacturing Company, and it combined applied science with the handling of human workmen. His salary was, of course, inadequate (the company always insisting on his extreme youth), but it enabled him to live agreeably in a suburban house and garden with his wife and child. . . . Yes, the fool—criminally blind to the chances of a European war—had married and become a father.

Soon after the war broke out the Imperial Blank Manufacturing Company, Limited, also broke out with notices to their employees, which notices were posted all over the walls of the immense manufactory. Copies of the notices were sent to the daily papers, and were duly printed therein with an editorial headline eulogistic of the firm.

The notices ran thus:

FOR KING AND COUNTRY  
Imperial Blank Manufacturing Company,  
Limited

The directors wish it to be known that in the event of any employee joining the colors, they will, so far as practicable, keep his place open for him, and in addition will pay to the family of the employee (should such family be dependent upon him for support) the difference between his salary from the company and his pay as a soldier, this arrangement to hold good as long as the war lasts. The directors hope for an excellent response to the above order.

GOD SAVE THE KING

By Order.

The thing was not very elegantly worded, but its meaning was clear. Everybody who entered the gates saw the notice. Everybody who passed down the street saw it.

At first Cedric Rollinson could not imaginatively grasp that that notice was a notice to him. But his conscience happened to be a persevering organism, and after a day or two it had got the better of him. He had observed in the intellectual periodicals which he read an urgent advertisement to the effect that 2,000 junior officers were immediately needed by the British army.

He said to himself: "I have a lot of expert knowledge that might be useful, and, moreover, I am accustomed to handling men. Indeed, I am thought to be rather good at handling men. Perhaps I ought to go."

On the second night he remarked rather timidly to his wife:

"I was wondering whether I oughtn't to offer myself—as an officer, you know." Then he laughed, as if he had only been joking after all.

But his wife startled him by answering seriously: "I've been wondering about it, too, dearest."

In a moment they both knew that the matter was decided. He must go. On all the boardings he had read: "Your country needs you." With simplicity and single-mindedness he took the call to himself—he did not ram it into the ears of the man sitting next to him in the Tube, he took it to himself. His wife cried and started to prepare things for him.

### Trying to Make a Present of Himself

AT THE same time he began to offer himself; and his difficulties began. The attitude of the War Office officials was such as to engender the belief that they did not want officers at all, that in particular they did not want him, and it was like his infernal impudence to fancy that he could get a commission in the British army. Nevertheless, having had for years an intelligent notion of what the average mentality of the War Office was, he persisted in his efforts to make a present of himself to the nation, and did at length beat down the first defenses of the official mind. Then he made still further progress, and in the end he was "given to understand" that if he could obtain a recom-

mendation from a person of consequence he might conceivably get his commission.

Now he knew a very well-known artist, and this artist knew a sporting peer (through having painted the peer's daughters), and it was borne in upon Cedric Rollinson that the recommendation of the sporting peer would be more valuable at the War Office than the recommendation of ten thousand artists, professors, or philanthropists. So through the artist he

ceptible to flattery save at one point: he liked to be thought "strong lipped."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Maffick," said Cedric Rollinson, raising his hat. "I was hoping to catch you before you left."

"What is it?" asked Hawker Maffick, with a blandness which somehow very firmly indicated to Rollinson that directors must not be kept past a certain hour from their clubs. Hawker Maffick and a few friends had amused themselves immensely of late at the club by concocting messages to "shirkers" and advertising them in the agony columns of the "Times" and the "Morning Post." Hawker's own contribution to the solemn patriotic gaiety had been as follows: "Cotton wool and a glass case will be provided free on demand to any young man who does not feel equal to joining the army."

"I shall in all probability get my commission, sir," said Rollinson.

"On what?" asked Hawker Maffick—it must be admitted without sufficient reflection. But the mind of even the greatest Maffick runs in a groove.

"In the army, sir. I'd mentioned it to Mr. Spation."

Mr. Spation was the assistant manager.

Said Mr. Maffick: "See me in the morning at ten-thirty."

And in the morning a refreshed Maffick, seated in his grandiose, empire-furnished private office, said to his expert young employee: "So you're thinking of going into the army?"

Rollinson did not stick out his chest and reply: "Sir, my country has need of me, and I feel that I must respond to her call!" No, he just said: "Yes, sir."

"Well," said Hawker Maffick, raising his eyebrows and gently smiling and touching his discreetly perfect cravat, "of course you know your own business best. I have no doubt that I can find some one to take your place, but you will admit that you put us in an awkward position. However—"

"But surely temporarily, sir—"

Rollinson began, already feeling like a criminal.

"Temporarily?" Mr. Maffick failed to understand.

"Won't you keep my place for me, sir?"

"You ought to know that we cannot."

"But your printed notice, sir?"

"Ah! Mr. Rollinson. That applies to—er—the hands, naturally—but for those in the higher ranks, such as yourself, the problem is different. Moreover, the notice says 'so far as practicable.' Duty to your country, certainly! But where is your duty to your country? What about your wife, your family? Are they not part of your country? Are you sure that a youthful itching for military glory, as you imagine it, is not clouding your better judgment?"

Cedric Rollinson asked quietly:

"If I go, shall you make up my salary to my wife?"

"I fear we cannot."

"Will you make up half of my salary?" Rollinson demanded with a sort of desperation.

Hawker Maffick gazed at his hands and shook his head. "In these times," he said, "it would be impossible for us—having regard to the interests of our shareholders."

He picked up a document and frowned at it. Utterly unconscious of danger, he had not the slightest idea that Cedric Rollinson was on the point of slipping round the desk and punching him violently in the eye. But Cedric, having a wife and family, and having also some remains of prudence, controlled himself. He had to choose between his country and his wife and family, and he chose.

"Very well, sir," he said. "I must stay here."

### Inglorious Upshot

THAT evening as he was walking from the station on his way home, three smartly dressed girls, approaching, barred the pavement. He stopped. "How young he is, the poor darling!" murmured fondly the central maiden, and, suddenly producing a large white feather, she jabbed it into his waistcoat. And in another tone, fierce and scornful, she added: "That's all you're short of, you coward! Why don't you enlist?"

And off the trio went, laughing. This was the latest sport of bright and pretty creatures in London.

Suddenly producing a large white feather, she jabbed it into his waistcoat. And in another tone, fierce and scornful, she added: . . . "You coward! Why don't you enlist?"



arrived at the sporting peer, who was entirely amiable; the recommendation was promised; and the wheels had the air of going round in a satisfactory manner.

### A Chance Interview with Mr. Maffick

IT WAS at this point that Cedric Rollinson, looking excited and triumphant, entered the great olive-green gates of his employers. He was excited and triumphant because he had now almost succeeded in forcing his services on his country, and almost reconciled himself to leaving his wife, child, and home. The remuneration named by the War Office was not excessive; it was indeed quite inadequate for the support of that suburban home and its inmates. But as the company had guaranteed the difference between his present salary and his future pay, he did not mind. Certainly he was risking life and limb and the whole future of his family; but he would not be risking the immediate welfare of his family; and this contented him.

In the yard in front of the counting-house staircase he met Mr. Hawker Maffick, a director of the Imperial Blank Manufacturing Company, Limited—and the only director then in London. Mr. Hawker Maffick was a member of the august family of Maffick, some of whose characteristics have already been set forth by H. G. Wells. A bachelor of fifty-eight, he was perhaps (though Wells may disagree with me) the greatest of all the Mafficks. Other Mafficks had accepted (or rather bought) titles. But not Hawker Maffick. Hawker was above titles; he was above all inessentials. He never boasted of anything, except that he had the best manservant in the empire; he was never ostentatious. But there was not another Maffick—no matter how spectacular and well-advertised he might be—who did not deeply respect and fear Hawker Maffick, and speak with awe of his genius for picking up the right investments, and of the probable amount of the death duties on his estate. Hawker Maffick's social and political sentiments were apparently correct to the last detail. He was a stoutish man, unus-

# The Man Who Was Never a Boy

By Temple Bailey

ILLUSTRATED BY REMINGTON SCHUYLER

**F**ORSYTHE told his wife at dinner. They were alone in the great dining room with a dish of nuts between them, and a slender silver pot of coffee at Primrose's elbow. Her mother had called her Primrose because of her yellow hair—and the name suited her quaint coziness.

Forsythe cracking nuts for her, glanced at her now and then and wondered how she would bear transplanting. This house was the home of her forefathers and she had always lived in it. Her marriage to Forsythe had restored the family fortunes, and she had continued to wear her pearls and diamonds, and the pale topazes which matched her hair.

To-night she wore no jewels, but her gown was of lace so exquisite that it lay like a cobweb on her young arms, and outlined the whiteness of her neck with a line of delicate foam.

How would she bear transplanting?

He plunged in. "Primmy darling—I've some bad news—"

She ate an almond daintily, flickering her lashes at him. "I knew you had something on your mind."

He rose and stood behind her, touching lightly with the tips of his fingers the shining brightness of her curls. "How did you know?"

She turned a little, so that she might look up at him. "By your eyes."

His hands were on her shoulders now, gripping them tightly in the difficulty of his disclosure. "Dear—I've had hard luck lately—financially—rotten luck—"

**S**HE would not take him seriously. "Aid you want me to economize—? Barry, why didn't you tell me before Christmas—I've run up my bills—outrageously—" she was smiling at him. Her small extravagances had always been a delicious joke between them. But now there was no joke!

"I'm afraid it's almost too bad for you to understand—I've failed—dreadfully. There isn't anything left—"

A puzzled line broke the smoothness of her serene forehead. "Do you mean that you've lost—your money—?"

"Yes."

"But you had so much—"

"You couldn't understand if I told you, dear. There's been one losing investment after another. One panic after another—"

She held out her hand to him. "Don't look so wor-

ried. You know I don't mind doing without things—"

"It's worse than just doing without. We've got to give up—the house, Primrose."

It came home to her then. Her eyes were like those of a little frightened creature caught in a trap.

"My house?"

"Your house, dearest. It's in your name, and they can't touch it. But there won't be money enough to keep things going."

She shivered. "But I've never lived anywhere else."

"I know. That's the thought that—kills me."

**S**HE saw in his face, then, the anguished story of his defeat.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "it doesn't matter—nothing matters but that—you love me—"

But late that night he waked after a troubled sleep, and heard her sobbing.

"Oh, please," she begged when he tried to comfort her, "don't think I am regretting. It is only that I have—to think it—out—"

Holding her close to his heart with all the softness of her hair against his cheek, he whispered: "I'll find a way—"

A day or two later, he told her his plans.

"There's your uncle's old place up the river. With what we can get for this house, we can buy that in, and still have a small income."

"But a farm—oh, Barry—!"

"It's that or an apartment on the West Side."

She caught at that hope. "Well, at least we'd be in town, and the West Side isn't—impossible—"

He drew her to him. They were alone in the great old-fashioned drawing room with its long mirrors, its imposing crystal chandeliers, its marble mantels, its French clocks, and alabaster vases. Primrose's grandmother had planned this room, and Primrose had liked the stateliness, and when she came into possession, she had restored the pink brocade of the gilt furniture, and the rose damask of the long curtains.

"You'll miss all this," he said, "in an apartment—you'll be stifled with the smallness."

"At least I shouldn't die of loneliness."

**F**OR the first time since he had confessed his ill fortune there was petulance in her voice.

Out of a silence he said softly: "Oh, my dear, let's settle this without discord—"

She hid her eyes against his coat. "I'm a selfish pig, but oh, Barry, a farm—"

He looked down at her. She was so little and sweet, and it was hard for her. But he made one last plea.

"Dear," he said, "it's this way. If I begin over again I've got to begin at the bottom. I'll have to be under somebody—not my own master. And your uncle's old place seems to promise independence if it is managed properly. And you'd be something more than the wife of a poor man in the city. You don't know, Primrose, what it means to be poor—in the city. You had your girlhood, here in the old park, and at the mountains, and the seashore in the summer. But I was never a boy. I was a little man of the city streets. During the first years of my life I saw the world foreshortened from the sixth-story windows of a tall tenement. The next ten years I played with the gang. I am the product of brick walls and of pavements. I fought for a while and won—I made my money. And then—I met you—and life has been wonderful ever since. In the country, perhaps, we could still make it wonderful—but in the city it would be sordid."

**S**O, only half persuaded by his fierce eloquence, she gave in. And the big city house was sold, and it was on a May morning that Barry Forsythe and Primrose, his wife, went up the shining river to their future home.

It was a lovely world to which they went—all the softness of the springtime was in the air. The river was like opal on misty mornings, and the birds flashed on wings of crimson and blue and gold among the blossoming branches.

The summer which followed the spring was lovely, and the old house was cool and com-



Her gown was of lace so exquisite that it lay like a cobweb on her young arms. . . . How would she bear transplanting?

fortable, and Primrose, putting new chintzes in the bedrooms, hanging fresh curtains at the small windows, seemed reconciled and content.

**B**UT it was Forsythe whose soul grew and expanded with every day of the new life. He seemed trying to catch up with all that his boyhood had missed. In his spare hours he fished and swam in the river. He tramped across field and pasture and through the still stretches of the wooded hills. He spent hours in the dusty workshop and other hours in the hay-sweet dimness of the barn.

And whether he worked or played, he was learning the mysteries of seedtime and of harvest, of crops and of cultivation, of soils, and of silos. As he had once conquered the world of finance, so he now proposed to conquer the world of agriculture. He realized, as perhaps most of his neighbors did not, that a new day was dawning for rural communities. The time was coming when there would be big business in farming. There would be the elimination of the middleman, and the consumer and producer would come together for mutual benefit and profit.

Some of his dreams he confided to his wife. "And if I fail," he would conclude, "if I fail as I did in the other—I shall at least have known what it was to live for a little while, like a—man."

Primrose always acquiesced pleasantly. Her heart knew what it knew. She would always hate the country—but she loved her husband—and she would not hurt him by any sign of discontent.

**B**ARRY had resolved that there should not come to her the hardness which belongs to the average farmer's wife, and so, in the wide old kitchen, a stout white woman baked and brewed, and swept through the house once a week with her strong young arms, and churned their daily supply of sweet butter, and hung a snowy wash on the line on Mondays, and piled up crisp mountains of expertly ironed garments on Tuesdays, and produced on Thursdays such wonderful pies and cookies and cakes that the house was spicy with the fragrance.

But Primrose was not idle. She gave careful attention to the preserving and pickling, learning many things under the competent instruction of the strong-armed young person. And she took upon herself the entire charge of the poultry yard.

"I want some outside work to do," she said to her husband, "and I like the little chickens. But I hate the hens, Barry. Is there anything on earth so fussy minded as a hen?"

And so the autumn passed and the winter came—the winter with its monotony of gray days merging into black nights.

As she looked forward to it, Primrose shivered—beyond the winter would be other winters, and in the city were the golden-lighted streets.

**Y**ET, when the winter came, there were compensations. Barry's men brought in great logs for the fireplace—there was Christmas with its great tree, and her old friends out from town, and snow for the sleigh—and the home-coming after their rides with the welcome of snug warmth and brightness.

Then there were the evenings with Barry on the big couch in the living room, with his pipe between his teeth and his hands under his head, thinking out



He seemed trying to catch up with all that his boyhood had missed. . . . He fished and swam in the river



schemes and wooing her now and then from her book with his talk of them.

She was forced to admit that she had never seen quite so much of her husband. In the city there had been always things to separate them. There had been times when his business had been so absorbing that she had seemed pushed out of his life. But now she was his partner. She talked over with him, too, the problems of her poultry yard, and the fact that she was making it pay gave her a delightful sense of efficiency and independence.

Yet as January waned, and February with its snow and sleet shut them in, she lost her color and grew listless and quiet.

IT WAS in March that an old school friend came out to see her.

"It's Mary Hoge," Primrose told her husband when she had read the letter, "she married Tom Pritchard about ten years ago, they've always lived out West, but now they are coming to New York, and they have taken an apartment. She's delighted to get back again."

Mary Pritchard, arriving in a halo of up-to-dateness was like some new and strange bird which had strayed into a dovecote. It took Primrose several days to discover that the up-to-dateness had a hint of tawdriness. Mary's effective clothes were of the bizarre ready-to-wear type, and her manners matched her clothes. She was a restless creature, missing her bridge and the distractions of a busy social life. She flitted from fancy work to the reading of some frivolous novel, then back to fancy work.

"Heavens," she remarked one morning as Primrose

brought out a basket with a bit of needlework. "Are you making those shirt waists by hand?"

PRIMROSE nodded. "I used to buy them at the French shops," she said; "I can't afford it now—but I like their daintiness—and so I do them myself—"

"Well, if you lived in town," said Mary, "you wouldn't have the time."

"Are you so busy?"

"Oh, you know how the days slip away in town, Prim—with the shopping and the theatres and things—"

Yes, Primrose did know. Those busy, stirring days—those dream days when all the world seemed a carnival, and one lived—to play—

She sighed, and Mary, observing her, asked abruptly:

"Don't you miss it?"

"Sometimes—"

Mary got up and walked restlessly to the window and stood looking out. "I don't see how you stand it," she blazed, "if a man asked me to do a thing like this—I'd leave him—"

"Not if you loved him, Mary."

"But how about his love, to expect it of you?"

PRIMROSE laid down her work and folded her hands tightly in her lap. She was just a slender slip of a thing in her brown linen gown with her yellow hair in soft coils over her ears, but she spoke with a dignity which brooked no further questioning.

"Barry and I made the decision together, Mary. He expected no more of me than I was willing—to give—"

At the end of the week Mary went back to town.

Barry drove her to the train, and it was on the way that Mary spoke her mind.

"I've got to say it, Barry. I can't see Primrose buried alive and not protest. Men don't know what they do when they shut a woman up like that."

"Buried?"

"Yes. Why I thought it was her ghost when she met me. The Primrose I remembered was like a flame, she was so vivid with her yellow hair and her red cheeks. And now she's so changed. You're with her all the time, and you don't see."

"See what?" tensely.

"She's breaking her heart to go back to the city."

IT SEEMED to Barry as he drove home that, above the howling of the March wind, above the rattle of wheels and the pounding of the horses' hoofs, the words that Mary had said roared in his ears:

"She's breaking her heart to go back. She's breaking her heart—"

When he reached the house, he went straight into the big room where Primrose sat by the fire.

On her face as she lifted it was the trace of tears. She was a little frozen statue, with all the radiance gone which had once seemed to light her from within.

He spoke impetuously. "Primrose are you—happy—?"

With a ghost of her flickering smile, she braved it out. "Of course—silly—why—?"

He knew that he ought to go on. That he ought to force the truth from her. But he shrank from the truth. He had to think first. He had to think.

In the weeks which followed (Concluded on page 26)

# A Lear of the Tenements

By Louise Driscoll

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

PADRON CIPELLA was growing old, there was no question about that. He could not pull upon net or oar as once he was wont to do, and his back was bent a little, which forced him to a reluctant inspection of the earth that opens for the old. When he looked at one his eyes rolled up under white shaggy brows and were so small and bright and black that the effect was startling. Padron Cipella's family was like a well-drilled army. When he said "Come here," they came, and when he said "Go there," they went and asked no questions, so he ordered feasts and fasts.

He ordered Tony's wedding, which was a sad feast, for Tony loved Giovanna, but Padron Cipella loved Lucia's dowry, and even Lucia obeyed him, big and sulky and stubborn as she was. When he fixed his small, bright eyes upon her she was like one hypnotized; and then, too, Tony was good to look at and she liked taking him from Giovanna. So Lucia's father made a great feast and Tony's mother came and parted Lucia's hair with a silver dagger, but Lucia was a sulky bride because only one girl in all Trezza had sent her a pot of basil, and that Maria Tornina, whom everyone despised. The wine flowed freely, but the guests would not be gay. Lucia was very handsome—even Filomena, who was Tony's sister, admitted that—but when she stood up and folded her arms and looked around at the wedding guests, more than one person dropped his hands out of sight and made horns with his fingers. Lucia knew very well that all their hearts were over in the cottage beyond the church where Giovanna lay dying of a broken heart, men said. Lucia's father paid her dowry to Tony, and Tony dutifully relinquished it to his father. Men said it was larger than it might have been if Lucia's temper had been other than it was. So Lucia went to live with Tony's family in the little cottage by the sea, which was much too full already. They were fisher folk. Padron Cipella's father had been a fisherman, and it never occurred to him to think that his sons could be anything else.

BUT the fishing was poor that year and Silvestro was called for the conscription, which meant five years in the army and no use to his father all that time; and when the wife and mother fell ill, Padron Cipella saw at once that even Lucia's dowry was not going to be big enough. He bought a candle, big as your arm, to burn before the altar of Our Lady, and he bought a new medal to hang on his wife's breast that burned with fever under it, and he bullied the doctor who fussed with herbs and incantations, but Death did not seem to know he was dealing with Padron Cipella, and he came into the little, crowded house as though there were nothing to keep him out, and Marriucca died and was buried, and she lies under a little wooden



He interrupted her in the middle of a sentence. "It shall not be!" he cried. "My son shall never wed thy daughter!"

cross where no one comes to weep or pray for her, and I will tell you why she lies alone under the blue, blue sky that bends above the little fishing village of Trezza.

WHEN Padron Cipella found mold in the black beans he cursed them, but that did not seem to hurt the beans nor to help them. He counted for the thousandth time his little store of coins, and he would have bitten them in two if that would have made them twice as many. He let them slip through his fingers reluctantly into the greasy, black bag where he kept them, and then he looked out over the stormy sea that told him with relentless fury that he must not think of going out to fish again until the wild winds died away with winter. Then he turned from his inanimate assets to reckon up his family.

Silvestro would be no use to him for these five years to come—a curse upon the Government that took him from the home where he was needed! Filomena was a girl and not of much account. To be sure, she cooked and cleaned and sewed and washed and ironed and bleached and spun and wove—but what was that? She could not pull upon net nor oar and, moreover,

could not even marry without dowry. Padron Cipella did not think much of girls, as Filomena knew. Lucia was to be a mother and Tony was his right hand, so Padron Cipella soon made up his mind and told Alfio he must go to America. It took the last of Lucia's dowry to send him.

ALFIO had been a timid boy. His five years in the army made him stouter and he had come back with quite a dash to Trezza, wearing shoes and a hat and taking the girls by storm; but after a little time his gay air seemed to wear out, like the shoes and the hat, and his old, shrinking manner came back to him like the old clothes his mother had saved for him. So Alfio went to America with his ears full of his father's warnings.

"America is to Italy," said Padron Cipella, "as the sun is to the moon. But it is a country of barbarians. There everyone finds gold, but thou must not be a fool. Be watchful ever and pray a great deal," and he hung a little crucifix about his son's neck. Alfio was to keep only gold enough to live upon and all the rest he found he was to send back to Trezza where his father was to use it. This seemed a very good arrangement to Padron Cipella.

Filomena wept when Alfio went away. They had always loved each other very much. His sister was the only person in all Trezza Alfio kissed when he went away. They still speak of that year in Trezza as "the bad winter." The winds

fell upon the shore as though to destroy it and the cold rains were like floods. Lucia did not like moldy beans and said so sometimes under her breath. She was still afraid of her father-in-law and a little in awe of Tony, but she berated Filomena heartily when they were left alone. Padron Cipella watched for the American mail as a cat does for its prey; steadily, with glittering eyes; and when at last a letter from Alfio came he opened it very carefully as though some of the gold might fall out and be lost. There was no gold in it.

ZIO FRANCO, at the drug store, read the letter to Padron Cipella, and Padron Cipella frowned and stroked his shaggy beard and his eyes snapped once or twice like a horse's hoof when it strikes a stone in the road. Alfio wrote of a wonderful city where trains of cars ran high up in the air and deep down under the earth, where streets and shops were full of marvels and everyone wore hats. He had earned only a little money, he said, doing some odd jobs for a fellow countryman who owned a most magnificent barber shop on the avenue called First. He expected presently to be very rich, for the man was going to teach him to be a barber also, which was an aristocratic employment in which one met high life.

Zio Franco sent an answer to Alfio's letter, dictated by Padron Cipella, and instructing Alfio to send a





Alfio cut the strings and showed her a long coat, long enough to cover her all up, and then a hat...

R-M-BRINKERHOFF

careful account each time he wrote of all the money he had earned and spent. Then Padron Cipella began to wait again for Alfio to send gold.

FILOMENA learned that what all the neighbors had said about Lucia's temper was quite true. She tried to be kind to Lucia because Lucia was so ill. It was hard for Filomena to understand that Lucia was not glad to be a mother. Lucia resented all the restrictions and the discomfort, and Lucia was angry with Tony because he was so sad after Giovanna died. The bad winter came to an end at last, as any kind of a winter must, and Lucia's baby wept his way into the world, a puny boy, strangely unlike his stalwart father and his big, handsome mother. The moldy beans were almost gone and there were few coins left in the black bag when Alfio's second letter came. Padron Cipella hated to give it into Zio Franco's hands. He did not want Zio Franco to know all his secrets. Zio Franco pattered over the letter and its inclosure. He turned the slip of paper over in his hands and puffed a little and said "Che! Che!" and Padron Cipella was nearly bursting when Zio Franco told him at last that the slip of paper was real gold from America. It seemed a large sum to eyes that had seen only life in Trezza. Zio Franco told Padron Cipella he must go to the post office and make his mark on the paper and then the clerk would give him the money. Padron Cipella would not believe at first: he did not think the clerk would be such a fool. They had quite a quarrel about it, and ended the matter by going together to find out the truth. Zio Franco did not go out very often because he was very fat and didn't like exercise. He wore a long cloak with a plaid lining and the corner thrown over one shoulder. He could not go very fast and he puffed a good deal, and it is beyond argument that he walked like a duck, but he was quite an important person in Trezza and everyone greeted him respectfully. The clerk gave Padron Cipella the money, just as Zio Franco had said he would, and then they went back to the drug store and Zio Franco read the letter.

ALFIO had sent no account as he had been commanded. He told of the shop where his friend had taken him as an assistant, and he told of a night school where he was learning to read and to write and to speak English. Padron Cipella seemed to see, as Zio Franco read, something of the old swagger with which Alfio had come back from his conscription. There had been signs of rebellion then, quickly suppressed. A stern reply went oversea, but what were words across those miles of gray, unanswering waves? They did not seem to touch Alfio.

Lucia's baby fretted its frail life out in the spring, and Lucia said openly it was the moldy beans. She was not so much afraid of her father-in-law as she had been, a fact he recognized with wonder that was touched by unbelief. Her illness seemed to make her reckless. She scolded Filomena steadily when they were left alone—as if the spending of her dowry had been Filomena's fault! They were alone a good deal, for the fishing season had begun, and now Padron Cipella raged against the tax on salt that so materially lessened their profits. The Government was a strange force to him, who recognized no authority but his own. The Government said: "Pay a tax on this." "Pay a tax on that," and took one's sons for conscrip-

tion and could not be reached with one's fist and answered no argument. He had always hated the Government, and now he hated two things, and the other one was Alfio.

ALFIO wrote so gayly. There came a letter in which he said nothing at all about money and to which he signed his name in a round, childish hand. Zio Franco thought this quite wonderful and bragged about it. Had not the boy always called him "Uncle"? Padron Cipella's anger moved in his old heart like a living thing that sought freedom. He looked out over the restless sea and burned to reach Alfio with his hands. And day by day his back was bent a little more; he could not pull an even stroke with Tony. A touch of rheumatism gripped him and he hired a boy to go out in the boat with him. He sat in the stern and gave orders, and he was not easily satisfied. Day by day his will pressed more heavily upon those he could reach. Filomena learned to keep out of the way of his hand. Tony was silent and submissive, but Lucia began to defy him. Lucia's beauty was opulent. She was well again now, full-blooded and radiant, like a good thing to drink.

Don Michele, who was almost a gentleman and owned property near Trezza, went by one day. He looked on Lucia's sulky beauty and Lucia smiled at him, a slow, cruel smile that might have alarmed one man or another, but did not alarm Don Michele. He came by again and again and Lucia put a scarlet flower in her hair. Filomena went to a fortune teller to see if Lucia had the evil eye.

The fortune teller was an old, old woman, so old that Filomena wondered if she were a woman at all. She made an evil-smelling brew into which she threw something that filled the room with smoke, and then she began to say things in a strange voice that frightened Filomena, who did not understand it all. "Great waters" were, of course, the waves that rolled between Trezza and that strange America where Alfio had gone. Lucia did not have the evil eye, it seemed. "She will harm no one but herself," said the old woman. Then she told Filomena some wonderful things about love and flowers and happiness in a strange land. She gave Filomena a little charm to hang about her neck. Filomena felt better after that, but then word came that Silvestro had died of a fever.

HE HAD never been a strong boy, that Silvestro. Filomena thought he had worked overhard for his slight body. Nobody wept for him except Filomena and a girl in the village who cherished a ribbon in secret. Filomena went to see Grazia, and the two girls put their arms about each other and wept together, as women do, and then Filomena told Grazia all her troubles, her father's increasing severity and how Lucia scolded; and Grazia, who had learned to write when she worked at the convent, said she would send a letter to Alfio and tell him all about it—about Silvestro and everything. When Alfio read that letter he threw up his head in just the old fashion, the swagger he had learned during his conscription, and he vowed he would send for Filomena.

He wrote to Grazia at once and unfolded a careful plan, sending some money and promising more. He told Filomena how to ask for her "manifest," which is the paper every immigrant must have to be admitted to the New World. He explained just what she must do. Filomena kept her secret in her heart. Sometimes she would look about

the room at Lucia's cruel, beautiful mouth; at Tony's sad, sea-worn eyes; at her father's face, which was like a mask through which his eyes burned like small flames. The silence that used to depress her was now a stimulant to her courage. She was going to escape it all.

There came a day in the autumn when the wise fishermen drew their boats well up upon the shore and left them there while they stood in groups in the village streets and told old tales of storms when the sea went mad. Padron Cipella looked at the sky and the sea and he hated them. He felt that they defied him. Alfio had defied him, Lucia was defying him. He saw Tony take in hand some task that was of the shore and thundered a command at him.

"Bah!" he roared, "art thou afraid of a shadow upon the sky?" Tony put by the net he was mending and looked at his father, wondering, which was not like Tony, but it seemed as though a man who was blind could read the book of the sea this day. "Put out the boat, I say," said Padron Cipella.

HE WENT to call the boy who helped with an oar, but the boy's father shook his head. Padron Cipella cursed him. He did not speak clearly, but he seemed to spit like some big cat. A little boy, safely sheltered by his father's leg, stuck his head forward and ran out his tongue at Padron Cipella, dodging quickly back in an ecstasy of delighted fear and assurance of safety. Padron Cipella shook his fist at him.

"A terrible old man," said the father, looking after Padron Cipella, and unconscious of the last insult. Padron Cipella's back was caught by the gripping pain that was growing familiar to him. He could not pull at the net and Tony put it in alone. Tony looked out at the sea and then at his father.

"Out—out—I say!" roared the old man, and Tony went out alone without one backward look.

All this had taken time, and when Padron Cipella got back to his house he found it empty, for Don Michele had come by for the last time and Lucia had gone with him, never to come back to Trezza any more; and Filomena had gone. He saw a folded sheet of paper on the table. It was a letter Grazia had written for Filomena. Padron Cipella cursed the written word. He snatched the paper and went through the streets, not looking up nor speaking to anyone, and he thrust it into Zio Franco's hand. Zio Franco hardly dared to read it to him.

THE letter told how Filomena had gone to America with money Alfio had sent to her. She said she had left some money for her father in a little brown pot on the shelf over the fireplace. She said good-by. Padron Cipella snatched the letter from Zio Franco's hands and tore it in bits, which he threw on the floor, where people walked on them until Zio Franco swept them up and put them in the fire. Padron Cipella went home choking, coughing, and sneezing with rage. He sank into a chair by the table there, and he was so wholly in the grasp of his emotion that he did not hear the wind that rose and beat upon the house, tearing away everything it could loosen with its maddened fingers. It seemed like a part of his own wrath, an echo of his helpless soul that wasted itself in fury. It blew down the chimney at last and sent the cold ashes there straight into his face, a last insult that roused him. He rose trembling, he was utterly exhausted. He lifted a bowl of black porridge Filomena had left for him and drank it in great, noisy gulps. Then he went out for some wood.

As he opened the door the wind fell upon him like a waiting enemy, and when he saw the sea he was afraid. He had never been afraid before, not in all his long life, but now he was afraid. There was no noise anywhere except the noise made by the wind. He could hear the crash of some weight overthrown, but no voices. He seemed to be all alone in the world.

They never heard of Tony again. A few days later part of his boat was washed ashore and a gentle tide beat upon it and people came (Cont'd on p. 28)



... she said good-by. Padron Cipella snatched the letter from Zio Franco's hands and tore it in bits

R-M-BRINKERHOFF



# Spy Catching in England

By Henry Reuterdaahl

ENGLISH patriotism is running spy mad—the papers are full of it. If your name is not Casey or Smith, or if you don't drop your "h," you are under suspicion. Explanations don't help; your passport may even be forged—you are simply it. And when you have a name like mine you may imagine the consequences. This is fact: I could not buy my ticket in New York without telling the steamship company, which was British, the story of my life; and before landing in Liverpool all of us with outlandish names were called below to show passports and explain our business. It might also be a coincidence that my first letter on British soil was marked "opened by mistake," and a cable from home handed me with the seal broken. So my trunks are not locked and my credentials and letters of introduction are spread all over, so that anyone whose business it is to look can find out without the use of skeleton keys—when I am at dinner.

While the Lords of the King's Admiralty are making up their high minds as to how much yours truly is to see or know of the naval actions, let me unfold this yarn with the facts doubly compressed.

## True Patriotism

LONDON is gay. Outwardly there is no sign of war except for the recruits drilling in the parks and the darkened streets at night hiding from Zeppelins. Anyone is free to go or come, but there is nothing to drink after 11 p. m. It is different in the country and on the coast, near forts or naval bases. Farmers have lost their hands and are without carts; and as to autos, the good ones are commandeered. No strangers are allowed, the ones who move at night are shot at first and challenged afterward, and there is now a proposal before the House of Lords to allow no aliens within fifty miles of the east coast. Peaceful villages are transformed into military camps. For a foreigner traveling is difficult, and getting off at a station near a navy yard means a séance in jail.

My first Sunday I spent with a pal of mine near a naval port, but before I could come he had to ask the authorities for permission to have me and to explain my identity. My name did not sound healthy. I had a glimpse of the war from the inside, not the far-flung battle line across Channel—khaki-clad men charging under bursting shrapnel—but of the dogged, silent determination of those left behind to guard home ground, searching in the dark for hidden enemies like a pack of terriers—women, children, rich men, poor men. Their nights are spent not in bed, but patrolling the lanes and the thickets, the culverts or the railroads, challenging every passer-by, searching every face. And this I call practical patriotism and splendid—not like Fourth of July speeches in the United States or the weak-kneedness shown by those of our people who dug out of New England and buried their silverware during the Spanish War because of Cervera's phantom fleets. Right here is something for us to learn and store away, should the flash ever strike us.

## Approaches Alive with Boy Scouts

OVER the forts the arcs of the searchlights cut the heavens searching for the gray Zeppelins of the Germans, and against the greenish glare are the outlines of the guns. Through my glasses I could see the men operating the lights.

On the road to the city with the dockyard beyond, the scout master divided his section of boy scouts and sang out the orders for the night. In silence the boys went to their stations. The orders were to halt everything. And no motor nor carriage nor any pedestrians could pass unless hailed. The hail is "good night," and unless answered at once and in the King's clearest English the boy scout blows his whistle and the signal is taken up by the others down the road until it reaches the sentry who shoots first and asks questions afterward. A detachment of scouts are searching the railroad track, the main line to London. As the train thunders by the boys hug the ground; with their staffs they examine each culvert, penetrate each shadow, and crawl underneath the bridges.

From early in the evening to dawn the silent, seri-

ous lads are on duty; cheerily they trot about, some of them barely eleven, and when exhausted they tuck in in the scout master's motor. Here are the sons of cooks, butchers, naval officers; and the scout master himself a figure of international prominence in the naval world. No effort is too big, no night too long, for it takes many hands to watch the roads, the ap-



"He suddenly saw a great red oblong shape drifting diagonally over the sky."

From a sketch made "somewhere" in England by Henry Reuterdaahl

proaches to the power house and the water reservoirs of the largest naval base in the Kingdom. Soldiers are wanted elsewhere, so others must help to see that no stick of dynamite cuts the water supply. And when the men are worn out from their nights' vigils in addition to their own daily duties, the women turn to and do their trick in the watch, as allies to the territorial guards guarding the main points; the babies are left with the nurses.

## Some Reasons for Spy Madness

HYSTERIA, nerves, you say? No—spies! Many of them have been caught red-handed and dispatched to the Great Beyond without either obituary or coroner's inquest, and all within the district of this base. Not a line appears in the papers, no one knows or speaks.

Every country except the United States has a highly organized spy system, and Germany has one of the best. Spies are everywhere in every walk of life. Millions of marks are expended and the communications are such that discovery is almost an impossibility. Messages of importance go from mouth to mouth. Every word of the great officials is ferreted out; every scrap of paper that can be stolen is made use of, and the silent butler who so faultlessly serves the dinner may be but a spy reporting all, and he again watched by another spy.

The story of the spying around the great naval bases in England in the last five years would fill a book and would sound like an unbelievable tale. Year after year hundreds are caught, but other hundreds spring up. A German servant, for eight years serving in a family at this base, was suspected; her rooms and her boxes were searched. Her trunks contained bombs. Directions how to place them under a certain bridge and to set them off upon a telegraphed signal were attached.

In the home of a certain German lady another mile or so from where this is written were many pianos. She was intensely musical but played only one of them. Putting two and two together, she was found out and raided. Her superfluous pianos were filled with revolvers, bombs, and ammunition—the storing place

until "the day" was at hand. Where the lady is now my informant does not say, nor are the whereabouts known of the waiter at a certain island within the defensive area of this port who had ten pounds placed monthly to his bank account for "service rendered." The bicyclist who the other day brushed by and failed to answer the hails of the boy scouts was collared by a Highlander and on his person was a young arsenal of three Browning pistols and two bombs plus a fuse. Also he no longer has an address; but the chap who in the dark shot down the sentries at the reservoir escaped and is still "top dog" as they say here—and at large.

## A Little Unprinted News

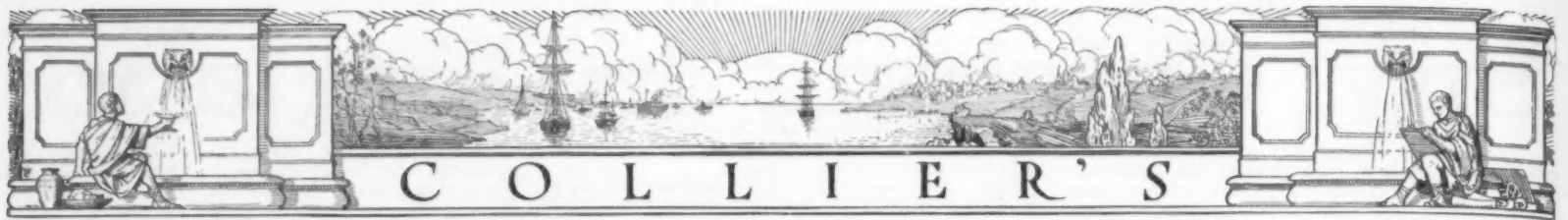
AT PRESENT writing there are over 60,000 Germans and Austrians in England. Covering thousands of cases of suspected espionage, the police have been busy and no German can leave the district of his domicile without permission. Rifles and tons of ammunition have been found in the houses of Germans in London, enough to equip regiments. It does not get into the papers; it is not spoken of. Nary a word has been said of the three powerful wireless stations found inland and destroyed. But in Parliament, Lord Leith stated that a wireless station is still doing business near Aberdeen, operated by an ex-Prussian Army Captain. Nor has the press related the story of how the forts in this district brought down in four shots a German dirigible with its crew. The story was told me by my friend, the scout master. While patrolling with his scouts some nights ago, he suddenly saw a great red oblong shape drifting diagonally over the sky, the flashes from the exploding shells outlining the gas bag, with fragments of fire dropping toward the earth. The air craft did not come from Germany, but from England itself—from down Cornwall way. Its existence was known to the police, but there was no way of seizing it or its owners before the war broke out. Like the liner Kronprinz Wilhelm which slipped out from New York harbor as an armed cruiser right before the nose of our authorities, this dirigible got away and set her course for the biggest naval base, bent upon the destruction of the dry docks. And speaking of the German liner, the story is current here that her quick-firing guns were stowed away all along in Hoboken and mounted there and that still more four-inch guns are resting in the corners of the German piers.

The attitude of the English press in this war is a wonderment to those familiar with the looseness and the lack of patriotism of our own newspapers during the Spanish War. Press boats followed our fleets in the Caribbean, wigwags were made with pencils giving away the intended movements of ships, and the daily position of vessels was freely published. There was little need for Spanish spies—our papers did the work.

Our Learned but Discreet Correspondent

THE whereabouts of the British fleet, if known to the press, are not even hinted at. When the first expeditionary force left Portsmouth there was hardly anyone in England who knew from which port the troops were to embark and the press withheld all information. At this particular time anyone approaching Portsmouth, either by rail or road, was stopped and, were he a stranger, he was put away for the time being until the transports had left. This may sound tyrannical to our unmilitary ears, but it is a cold fact. There is not a single civilian attached to the British fleet, and whatever is known of the fleet drifts out through the letters of the officers to their families; all are undated, arriving with London postmarks. Every letter is opened and read by the censor and it takes about ten days to go through the process, whereas a post card read at a glance is delivered within a couple of days. No officer or bluejacket dare talk to a newspaper man, and those who know where the ships are say nothing.

Right now I could draw a fairly accurate diagram of the present position of the "Great Battle" fleet, but the publication of it might mean for me a return ticket to New York via a first-class jail.



### Welcome, Germans!

**A**FTER THIS WAR we shall have a large German immigration. When the German soldiers now in the field return to their homes they will find their customary industries disrupted and, in many cases, their families broken up. Every economic condition they face will stimulate them to come to America. In addition, they will be spurred on by the taste of adventure and wandering they will have had in the army. The same thing happened after the Franco-Prussian War of forty-three years ago. For some of the best elements in our population, and some of the best individuals in our public and business life, we are indebted to that conflict. In the same way this nation will be helped in every respect by this indirect result of the present war. We have no better immigrant than the German.

### One Economic Effect of War

**A**HUMAN BEING who has been raised through the years of helplessness at the expense of another country and is delivered at our gates, a working economic unit at the height of his strength, is worth a good deal of money. Certainly he is worth as much as a blooded horse. Judged by the standards of value that prevailed in slavery times, he is worth at least a thousand dollars. After the present war we shall have very large crops of these immigrants. A million of them in a year would be worth a billion dollars. Probably the number will exceed a million a year. Their aggregate value will be much greater than our annual wheat crop or our annual cotton crop, about which there is each year much exultation.

### White Hopes

**M**R. WILSON will be the Democratic nominee in 1916. With equal certainty, ROOSEVELT will be the Progressive nominee. There will be either one or two anti-Democratic candidates (omitting the minor ones, like the Socialist and Prohibitionist). If there is one, it will be ROOSEVELT. If there are two, the Republican party must quickly dig up a "white hope." At the present moment the guess would lie between Senator HENRY CABOT LODGE of Massachusetts and Senator WILLIAM E. BORAH of Idaho. The common objection to LODGE is his age; to BORAH, geographical location. Neither objection amounts to much. LODGE was born May 12, 1850. In 1916 he will be sixty-six. That one of the Presidents who had most ginger (except ROOSEVELT) was ANDREW JACKSON. At his second inauguration he was sixty-five. The first HARRISON was sixty-eight when he was inaugurated; TAYLOR was sixty-four; BUCHANAN was sixty-five. Another great citizen of Massachusetts was in his seventieth year a candidate for the Whig nomination. His name was DANIEL WEBSTER. HENRY CLAY was nominated the year he was sixty-seven, and was an aggressive candidate for the nomination four years later, at seventy-one. As to BORAH and the geographical limitation, Idaho is no farther west to-day than Illinois was when LINCOLN was inaugurated. Has anyone a better suggestion for a Republican "white hope" than these?

### Harking Back—

**O**NE OF THE BEST BIOGRAPHIES of WEBSTER was written by Senator LODGE. He says of WEBSTER's seventieth-year candidacy:

The loss of the nomination was a bitter disappointment to Mr. WEBSTER. It was the fashion in certain quarters to declare that it killed him. But this was manifestly absurd.

Incidentally, ROOSEVELT will not be fifty-six until the twenty-seventh of this month. Our guess is that he will have much more "pep" left at eighty than DANIEL WEBSTER had at seventy. ROOSEVELT's habits being markedly better than DAN'L's with respect to some things which tend to burn up vitality. Those irreconcilables who are determined that ROOSEVELT shall never be President again may have a rather long siege ahead of them.

### —And Looking Ahead

**T**HE DEMOCRATS this fall will elect a proportion of Congress which will be much larger than their share of the popular favor. They will be the beneficiaries of the inertia vote. The instinct not to rock the boat in time of danger will cause men to support the status quo, the party in power. The European crisis has forced upon our politics a feeling which will express itself as "when in doubt, do nothing." Moreover, in the Congressional elections throughout the country there is very little fusion between the Republican and Progressive parties; therefore the anti-Democratic vote will be seriously

divided. A little later on we shall have a real alignment of parties, based on real differences of public opinion with respect to domestic and foreign policies. When that comes it is likely to be apparent that the number of persons who feel as the Progressives do about the organization of industry is probably enough to control the balance of power in any election which is fought out on vital issues. But speculation as to what may happen in American politics during the next two years is pretty idle. There are too many unknown factors, factors which are within the control of fate alone.

### What the Rest of Us Are Compelled to Do

**S**OME YEARS AGO Senator ALDRICH estimated that \$300,000,000 a year could be saved for the people of the United States by instituting economy and efficiency in the conduct of the Government at Washington. Competent observers think that Senator ALDRICH's figure was well within the truth. It is not often easy to enforce economy in government. The present is one of the few times in a generation when it would be. Reduced salaries, reduced wages, and reduced profits have enforced economy upon private individuals and business organizations. That in turn has created a spirit of economy and a tolerance of it. WOODROW WILSON will miss a golden opportunity if he fails to take advantage of this spirit. If it is done at all, it will have to be done by WILSON. The spirit of the Democratic party is extravagant. In our judgment a political party run upon the single platform of economy and efficiency in government would have a fair chance of success any time during the next few years.

### For and Against Pork

**T**HE COUNTRY owes a debt of gratitude to the sixteen Democrats and eleven Republicans who, at the end of Senator BURTON's long filibuster, trimmed the House's \$53,000,000 River and Harbor Pork Barrel down to \$20,000,000. Though they did not destroy the barrel, they reduced it to keg size. Also, they struck the old grab system a blow from which it can never fully recover. The fight against this year's Pork Bill, begun in the House by Congressman FREAR of Wisconsin and continued in the Senate by Messrs. BURTON, KENYON, NORRIS, POMERENE, and BANKHEAD, ought to serve as a lesson to all advocates of waterway improvements. It shows that, as a people, we are at last becoming thoroughly aroused against the old system of distributing river and harbor funds, and it emphasizes the immediate necessity of creating a national waterways commission with wide discretionary powers, to be appointed by the President. Remembering that a vote to recommit is a vote *against* pork, a vote against recommitting a vote *for* pork, this is the way the votes were cast in the Senate:

*To recommit*—BORAH (Idaho), BURTON (Ohio), CLAPP (Minn.), CRAWFORD (S. Dak.), GOFF (W. Va.), KENYON (Iowa), NELSON (Minn.), NORRIS (Neb.), OLIVER (Pa.), PAGE (Vt.), and SMOOT (Utah), Republicans; ASHURST (Ariz.), BANKHEAD (Ala.), CHILTON (W. Va.), GORE (Okla.), HOLLIS (N. H.), JOHNSON (Me.), LANE (Ore.), LEE (Md.), LEWIS (Ill.), MARTINE (N. J.), PITTMAN (Nev.), POMERENE (Ohio), SHAFROTH (Colo.), SMITH (Ariz.), THOMPSON (Kas.), and WHITE (Ala.), Democrats. Total—27.

*Against recommitting*—BRADY (Idaho), PERKINS (Cal.), and TOWNSEND (Mich.), Republicans; POINDEXTER (Wash.), Progressive; BRYAN (Fla.), CHAMBERLAIN (Ore.), FLETCHER (Fla.), JONES (Wash.), LEA (Tenn.), OVERMAN (N. C.), RANDELL (La.), ROBINSON (Ark.), SAULSBURY (Del.), SHEPPARD (Tex.), SHIELDS (Tenn.), SIMMONS (N. C.), SMITH (Md.), SMITH (S. C.), STONE (Mo.), THORNTON (La.), and WILLIAMS (Miss.), Democrats. Total—22.

It is fair to say that among those who voted for pork on this occasion are two or three of the best men in the Senate, notably WILLIAMS of Mississippi. Local pressure presumably accounts for this. The Mississippi River ought to be improved by the National Government, but it should be done scientifically, not piecemeal pork.

### Wireless

**T**HE MOST EXPRESSIVE and succinct phrase which we have recently heard, summing up one form of feminine allurements, states that a girl has "R. S. V. P. eyes." Nor is it a mere book phrase. It stands the test of actual speech.

### The War and the Muse

**W**AR'S EFFECT UPON LITERATURE is deplorable. In this case the saying of HERACLITUS of Ephesus, *πολεμος πατήρ πάντων*—"War is the Father of all things"—is far from expressing the truth. We shudder to think of all the historical novels that are incubating





## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

and will incubate for a generation to come—the future Tolstoy, Zolas, Stendhals, Erckmann-Chatrians, and Stephen Cranes, writing in English, German, French, Swedish, and Russian. The verses which have already come to us out of the battle smoke are almost as appalling as the photographs. KIPLING'S lines are at least spirited, but STEPHEN PHILLIPS and ROBERT BRIDGES and even THOMAS HARDY have descended to the level of Mr. HAROLD BEECHIE. And now comes GERHART HAUPTMANN, a minor Teuton dramatist once regarded as very promising indeed—now comes HAUPTMANN attacking the writers of France and Belgium because they don't applaud the conquerors of Louvain. BERGSON is characterized as "the shallow Parisian feuilletoniste" and (cruel aptness!) as "parlor philosopher"; MAETERLINCK as "the great poet and deluded Gallo-maniac." HAUPTMANN accuses MAETERLINCK of having called Germany "the conscience of Europe"; a damaging charge. But when HAUPTMANN goes on and inquires:

Did not MAETERLINCK win most of his glory and his money with us?

he is merely vulgar. We wish authors would keep out of this war business anyway. They only pull one another's hair—not a pretty spectacle.

### The Thing to Do Now

THOUGHTFUL OBSERVERS of public affairs must have been struck by this note in a public utterance of Governor GLYNN of New York:

New York State is engaged in building 12,000 miles of roads which will wear out forty years before they are paid for.

The attitude of mind which lies back of this utterance is rare among public men. The person who looks at public finance in this way has sound ideas about the administration of the community's business. We want good roads, but we want them financed right. Many towns and cities throughout this country have been piling up bonded debts which must sorely tax the resources of coming generations. Some of these municipal debts, it is safe to say, considering the shifting of population and other economic developments, probably never will be paid. Governor GLYNN is one of the few State executives to realize the social menace in this situation. He has his eye on the right point. By vetoes and economies he has saved taxpayers more than \$11,000,000. Governor GLYNN is taking the course which is most beneficial economically, and, by a coincidence not usual, is likely to be popular politically. We wish Washington would profit by Albany's example.

### Neutrality Impossible Here

A SINGER in the Dresden Royal Opera writes to an American friend of how the war preparations went forward in his city, and says:

During the first two weeks I virtually lived in the streets, and I never saw any disturbance or a man drunk. As a company was formed and put in marching order, it was addressed by the captain, who in every case advised the men that the greatest enemy was alcohol.

The same story is told in the dispatches from Austria, England, France, and Russia. If a man must keep sober during war in order to take the lives of others to the best advantage, why should he not keep sober in time of peace so as to bring his own life to the best of which it is capable? Alcohol is the greatest enemy in our own United States.

### Giving Wife the Veto

THE WICHITA (KAS.) "BEACON"—it is scandalous, the frequency with which we quote that paper!—mentions the fact that the Canadian has to show the written consent of his wife before he can enlist for the war. We haven't verified this interesting bit of information, but we agree with the "Beacon" that it would be worth more than many battles if the rule were universal—and precisely because many of those battles would not be fought. One of the newspaper correspondents in Belgium quotes a soldier watching the flight of refugees by a nearby road: "It's the women who do the real suffering. You see, we've a look-in, anyway—but they don't get a fair chance." Mother and daughter alike is exposed to the blood lust and the flesh lust of the enemy; to want, bereavement, and a violent death with none of the military trappings. And that is one of the reasons why wars sometimes weigh most heavily on the next generation. But in General VON BERNHARDI'S book, "Germany and the Next War," one reads that "War is a biological necessity." Women know better—so let them have the veto and the vote.

### Styx "Gazette" Please Copy

A THEATRICAL ANNOUNCEMENT runs: "The Selwyns are now rehearsing BEN JOHNSON'S 'The Salamander.'" Tough luck, BEN! Our sympathy goes out to you, even if you did spell your last name differently. You had your faults, but at least you never wrote the novel in question. If we remember you correctly, when you gave your seventeenth-century public something "broad," you gave it to 'em straight, not accompanied by ramshackle philosophy, decked out with a fig-leaf moral.

### Government by Whom?

THE SUPERIORITY of free institutions is now being most remarkably demonstrated in Europe. This great war centers about the three Kaisers: FRANZ JOSEF of Austria, NICHOLAS of Russia, and WILHELM II of Germany. The first is a very old man, known to be no more than a stately figurehead. Behind him lurks the sinister and mysterious Count BERCHTOLD, who has come to such power that he can plunge a continent into conflict, yet has come to it solely by the devious and hidden ways of privilege. The Austrian

troops march and fight because this lurking wirepuller has set them the task, but the Austrian people have never had a chance to approve or disapprove him at the polls. Some say that NICHOLAS is the gilded tool of the Russian grand dukes. From Paris comes the interesting suggestion that WILHELM II is little better than a prisoner of the German war party, led by his son and heir, a group of autocrats to whom the marvelous science and industry of modern Germany are important chiefly as furnishing food for cannon and stamping room for those who wear the spurs. The legions of a great empire go out at their command to lay waste the lives and works of myriads of peaceful men, and liberal Germany has no power of protest. It is obedience or death. Institutions such as these are obsolete and deadly as some filth pestilence from the Middle Ages. While they continue Europe can be neither safe nor civilized. This war must be followed by some huge work of political sanitation that will put the kindly common sense of the great mass of their citizens in control of the national politics of Austria, Germany, and Russia. If this is done, it will be worth the cost.

**The Red Cross Nurse**  
By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

SHE goes amid the maddened press  
Of Teuton, Briton, Slav, and Gaul,  
Our Nation's White Ambassador,  
The foe of none, the friend of all.

+

Above the guns, above the cheers  
For Flag or Kaiser, Folk or King,  
The common cry alone she hears—  
The cry of human suffering.

+

Still men will play the devil's game  
Though all must lose and none may win,  
And still a foolish world's acclaim  
Exalts the sworded paladin;

+

But tears will fall and lips will pray  
And hearts beat warm in every land  
For her who saves while heroes slay.  
Oh, valiant soul; oh, gentle hand!



# The Miracle Club



George Stallings  
The Miracle Man

**T**HERE is often a tendency in this sportive industry to confuse upsets with miracles. An upset is a sudden shift of form—an improbability that develops; whereas a miracle is a series of improbabilities that continue developing until the end is gained.

When Williams beat McLoughlin for the American tennis title it was merely an upset, as it was simply a one day's shift of normal form on the part of both

entries. When Outmet beat Vardon and Ray it was a miracle because he had previously tied them over the 72-hole route and then continued the improbability by beating them in the last round.

The last miracle that developed in baseball occurred back in 1906 when the Chicago White Sox came from seventh place in July, won nineteen straight games and then annihilated the great Cub machine in the World Series clash. For eight years the game waited for another miracle to show its radiant face against a gray horizon. And when least expected 1914 furnished the answer—furnished it in the middle of a season that had been drab and heavy—the dulllest the game had known for a decade.

## A Day Last Spring

**O**N A CERTAIN raw, gray afternoon late last spring we were sitting in the Polo Grounds stadium with Jim Gaffney, owner, and George Stallings, manager of the Boston Braves.

But on that afternoon they were not rising upon their feet at stated intervals and furnishing three cheers over their Boston connections. Stallings the year before had lifted the Braves from last to fifth place. He had expected to carry them in 1914 well into the first division. But here spring was waning and the Braves had won something like five games and lost eighteen. They were hopelessly last—further down than they had ever been even in their tail-end prime.

"This bunch of mine," said Stallings, "is the worst-looking ball club I've ever seen."

We figured from this that he had at last tossed up the sponge, but before we could agree with him he continued: "But don't ever figure from this that we are any tail-end club. Never in all my life have I seen a club up against such a run of luck. Evers has been sick all spring. Maranville has had a bad case of tonsillitis and is way off form. The raw weather has left my pitching staff full of sore arms, and there isn't a pitcher on the club that can come within ten feet of the plate. It will be another month before we get going and get back into shape. But when we do you'll see a ball club out there hard to beat at every start. There are seven clubs ahead of us, but none of them is a world beater. By September there'll be more clubs under us than over us"—and when some one told him he was crazy the Brave manager immediately made two bets that he would finish in the first four, and then went down to the bench to rave another afternoon and keep his club fighting even against almost hopeless odds.

## By Grantland Rice

The point is that even at the period of the race when his club looked to be the rankest sort of a tail-end, Stallings never quit. And what is more he refused to let his men quit. His first lieutenant was Johnny Evers, another fighting warrior, and between this pair the struggling and disheartened Braves had to continue hustling at a time when most other clubs would have quit cold.

But Stallings all this time had abiding faith in his machine. He believed that when it righted itself and struck smooth roads it was one of the best, if not the best in the league. Four victories against eighteen defeats couldn't shake this belief. This faith within was so strong that he forced it upon his men—forced them to believe by exhortation and encouragement that they were still first-division possibilities, even when the records showed them to be the jokes of their league.

Through the progress of a battle, especially in defeat, Stallings would slide up and down the bench and rave like a madman. There was no invective that he overlooked—no scorn or sarcasm that he forgot to hurl into his wavering troopers, literally goading them into a continuation of the fight. He had them working just as hard and hustling with as much speed and effort as if they were in second place.

## At Mid Season

**W**HEN the Fourth of July had passed and the half-mile post had been turned, even those who had great faith in Stallings's courage and strategy and managerial skill had about given up hope.

For on the fifth of July the standing revealed these figures:

Won Lost pct.

New York (first).....	40	24	.617
Boston (last) .....	26	40	.394

There was apparently no getting away from these figures. The Giants had bit their stride—the Braves were still floundering, fifteen games in the rear. Two years before the Cubs and Pirates had cut down twelve games of a sixteen-game lead by the Giants, but both were established veteran machines and both had cracked under the heavy strain.

Here was a club whose heritage had been last place for years. There was no tradition of victory to give it renewed heart—or furnish star-dust dreams of what might be again.

It was merely a tail-end club, fifteen games back of a club that had won three championships in a row.

Sixty-five games is a pretty fair test—and sixty-five games had been played with the Braves fifteen games away.

This was not a matter of opinion, but of cold record—a matter of box scores and runs and victories and defeats already in.

If there was ever a time when both a leader and his club might have become discouraged and start

drifting, the fifth day of July, 1914, is the answer for Boston's hope.

The records of forty years had shown that tail-enders in July rarely ever got beyond sixth place. Most of them dallied and lingered around the foot. And still Stallings refused to yield his faith and his club stuck with him.

## Enter the Miracle

**A**T THIS stage the National League race looked to be the deadest in years. The fans were beginning to desert all ball parks in droves. It was a bad year for a multitude of reasons. The Feds had cut in upon general interest. Business depressions had done their share. And with the Giants winning again all life and variety had passed from the race. On this July date the Giants were four games beyond the Cubs in second place. The Braves were five games back of the next club in seventh place.

And then enters the miracle. The Braves had won twenty-six and lost forty of their first sixty-six games. Of their next sixty-six games they won fifty-two and lost fourteen. For their first sixty-six games they had traveled at a .394 clip. For their next sixty-six games they traveled at a .790 clip.

On the first of August they had cut the Giant lead from fifteen games to nine. On the twenty-first of August they had caught and collared the Giants. On the fifteenth of September they were three full games to the good. From the sixth day of July to the fifteenth of September, a matter of ten weeks, they had gained eighteen games on the three-time winners—a steady, sure relentless average of two games gain each week. For while the Giants had won forty of their first sixty-six games, of their next sixty-six they won but thirty-three, losing the same number. It had been the most remarkable assault ever known in baseball—the most miraculous upheaval that a half century of play had ever witnessed in the major field. It was absolutely impossible, judged by the law of the game, that a tailender could gain eighteen full games on the league leader within nine weeks. Yet the standing of the clubs closed out all rebuttal. On the first of June, for another example, the Reds had just risen to second place. They were eleven games beyond the Braves. On the fifteenth of September they were twenty-four games back of the Braves, a net loss of thirty-five games within three months.

## Turning Points

**T**HE physical turning points of the Brave uplift came when

Stallings at last had his ball club conditioned; when Evers and Maranville regained their health; when Rudolph, Tyler, and James at last got their arms into prime shape and were ready for the test.

This, with the trade of Perdue for Whitted and Cather and the purchase of Red Smith from Brooklyn.

Stallings then had his club just as he wanted it. "I am fixed now," he said. "Smith is a good third baseman and a fine hitter. Whitted and Cather (Continued on page 22)



Walter Maranville  
Boston's brilliant shortstop





### The French Learn a Trick by German Experience

THE wounded dragoon in the circle above is one of the comparatively few French cavalymen who have fallen before the guns of the Germans. He was hit while on patrol duty near St. Quentin, the scene of much of the hardest fighting between the Allies' left wing and General von Kluck's army. The

wholesale slaughter of German uhlans in Belgium during the first three weeks of the war taught the French the folly of frequent cavalry charges in the open. Consequently General Joffre has hurled his horsemen at the Germans only at the most opportune times. He uses them mostly as patrols.



### They Know War's Tragic Side

THE mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts of Hungarian soldiers stand for days and days in front of the official bulletin boards in Budapest and watch for news of their loved ones at the front. The women in the photograph above are returning to their homes after reading a death list. What they have learned is rewritten on their faces. It is the same kind of news that has saddened the lives of tens of thousands of women since the European war began. A lack of sympathy with the Hapsburg head of the Dual Monarchy makes the war all the more distressing to the Slav women of Austria-Hungary whose menfolk are fighting for Austria against Russia and Serbia. Many of them feel that the Slavic soldiers are being slaughtered for a cause that is alien to them, and nearly every day brings news of rioting by the disloyal in Hungary; Petrograd correspondents tell us that thousands of Slavs in Franz Josef's army are deserting to the lines of Czar Nicholas.



GERMANS DRIVING BELGIAN WOMEN from a captured village. Rules of warfare prescribed by trespassing foreigners meant nothing to the peasants of Belgium, and many women and girls attacked the invaders with every kind of weapon from boiling water to butcher knives and shotguns, if we are to believe the German side of the story. A Berlin newspaper man, with the German army, says that a sixteen-year-old Belgian girl was caught mutilating the wounded, and similar offenses are reported by the Germans and denied by the Allies

Oct. 10



### *The War's Strain on Human Endurance*

THE two civilians in the photograph above are running after a cartload of weary Belgian soldiers to treat them to a bucket of fruit. The troops are retiring exhausted after a hard day's fighting at Melle, a small village near Ghent.

Fatigue has caused the armies in the western campaign to slacken their pace several times, but, on the whole, the men have shown marvelous powers of endurance. The German, French, and British troops have had to fight twenty-four hours a day in the main battles. The Belgians also have been busy nearly all the time. Along the great battle line in France the strain

has been terrific. In many instances the troops have changed positions five or six times in as many hours. Along the Aisne the Allies made many of their advances at night, crawling as far as they dared and then digging new trenches in the face of a withering fire from the Germans, who used powerful searchlights to light the way for their bullets and shells. On one occasion the Allies had to repel a German night attack during a hard wind and rain storm. Some of the men had to fight in water waist deep. The Frenchmen in the circle are enjoying a brief rest while en route from one position to another in the line near Soissons.



### *Shrapnel and Bullets That Are Merciful*

AN exceptionally large number of French, British, and Belgian soldiers have escaped with slight wounds. German shells have killed thousands, but not as many as might have been expected. They have been more effective as instruments for disabling the enemy. And German bullets from rifles and machine guns have been even more merciful than the shrapnel. The bullets bore tiny holes, disinfected the wounds as they made them. They are fatal only when they strike a necessarily vital spot. This has enabled the Allies' hospital corps to treat the wounded with unprecedented success. The shells and bullets of the Allies are said to be more deadly than those of the Germans. The two men at the right of the nurse in the photograph are British "Tommies" who were slightly wounded in France. Their comrade at the extreme left was badly hurt.



# A Serpent in Eden

By May McHenry

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

UP HERE in Sweet Valley we still have Fourth of July celebrations with bands, banners, and bulging baskets, but the celebrating is different—surer and tamer—and oratory seems to have gone out of style. So far the last great, old-time, spread-eagle speech was made by Jimmie Barton—the Hon. James B. Barton—five years ago. In that speech Sweet Valley was compared publicly to the Garden of Eden for probably the first time. "The fairest spot in the grandest State in the noblest country in the best possible universe," James B. temperately proceeded. "Here," he declared, "the hiss of that subtle modern serpent, the spirit of money grabbing, is unheard; here not getting but keeping is the ideal and the habit—keeping the old homes, the old furniture, the old ways. Here young men have the good sense to stay on God's green fields, and the few unfortunates who are crowded out to wider, bleaker spaces pray always with their faces toward home."

As the tumult of applauding subsided the speaker bowed himself from the rickety stand and edged his way adroitly to his third cousin, Rhoda Barton Falls, a ravishing bit of ornamentation on the outskirts of the crowd. "Well, how did it sound," he asked.

"Sounded like you, James B.," Rhoda assured him. James B. thanked her gravely.

HALF the picnic was waiting to see that couple start home together. James B., being a widower of suitable age and condition, and Rhoda a widow of even more so, their friends were expectant.

"He'll ask her again before they cross the stone bridge," one romantic matron prophesied to another. "I can tell by the way he twitches his eyebrows."

It was on the bridge, in the shade of the leaning buttonwood, that James B., with the gentle decision and masterful deference of much practice, took Rhoda's unflinching fingers and told her they had waited long enough; happiness was just around the corner and there was no use wasting golden moments. "You have held me off for four years, and Ed Falls was not worth four weeks," he declared. "I know you care—"

But Rhoda lifted her eyes with two big tears brimming over. "Jimmie—please—" she said. James B. shrugged resignedly. When she called him "Jimmie" and looked at him mistily he always tried to do what he thought she wanted.

JAMES B. had been proposing at diminishing intervals since the termination of his cousin's brief and disastrous matrimonial experience, and the rite had become pleasantly familiar. The two talked calmly of casual things as they strolled on. That was a day of initiatives. During that calm stroll Barbadoes Turtle was mentioned for the first time in Sweet Valley.

Approaching Rhoda's house, James B., with the candor of a Valleyite and a kinsman, remarked upon its shabbiness. "You ought to slap on three coats of paint and tear down that sagging piazza. It is a better built house than mine, and look what I have done with that."

Though James B. was forced by his profession to live at the county seat and make his orisons (rhetorically speaking) facing north by northwest, he owned one of the old homesteads and referred to himself in his public utterances as a citizen of the "Sweet Valley of Content."

Rhoda sniffed and declared she detested glaring new paint like a gay dress on an aging woman. Then she smiled apology. "That's sour grapes. Truth is, I cannot afford even a paint brush or half a dozen shingles. My roof is a sieve. I keep tubs and buckets and wash-bowls and bake pans in the garret and empty them after every shower. And the west wall is giving way. But what can I do?"

JAMES B.'s eyebrows twitched again and he seized the opportunity. He was even amiable enough to offer a second proposition. "Well, if you will persist in making a martyr of yourself—and me—the only thing left will be to invest in some Barbadoes Turtle stock for you. That will give you quick returns and help you get back a little of what that damn—excuse

me—what the late lamented squandered. Barbadoes Turtle is a good thing."

James B. sat on the sagging piazza and discussed both propositions with almost equal enthusiasm. After his exaggeratedly reluctant departure Rhoda walked



"You have held me off for four years," he declared. . . . Rhoda lifted her eyes with two big tears brimming over. "Jimmie—please—" she said

in her garden and up and down the road, looking at her house from every angle, imagining repairs and improvements. The decay of the once handsome home of her fathers had been one of her seven hidden sorrows. "You blessed old shell of many old Bartons! If there is a way, I will not have you shamed by your mushroom neighbors," she decided.

The next morning, when James B.'s roadster tooted down the road toward town, Rhoda stood at her gate and held up an arresting hand. "Here's a check for two hundred and fifty," she began. "It's all I can possibly raise to invest in what-you-call-it as you so kindly offered. 'O man, I have decided to become a gambler and blacken my soul to put a coat of white on my house!'"

James B. laughed as he took the envelope she offered. "O woman, we are all gamblers! Leave it to me, and the blackening, if any, will fall where a little added penumbra or whatever will be unnoticed. If you would but let me take care of all—oh, well, well!"

THAT was the beginning of speculation in stocks in pious, placid, parsimonious Sweet Valley.

Just what James B. did with investments he was taking care of Rhoda did not understand. She knew her two hundred and fifty began to pay what he called dividends whenever she needed money, and before the end of the year she felt justified not only in painting her house, but in putting on a new roof and a porch extending into an arbor, termed by facetious neighbors a "purgatory."

Being a good thing, Rhoda passed it along. She told all her neighbors and friends about the house-repairing magic of Barbadoes Turtle. She met doubts and scruples by quoting James B. and citing her own experience. "This is an age of big things, of combina-

tions," she told them. "This zinc mine—the Barbadoes Turtle Mine—is a great big thing—millions upon millions—James B. has been out there. He has seen the mine and the ore and the big machinery and the crowds of men working and the town they are building for the workmen with electric lights and water works and an opera house. James B. is a director to say how things shall be run, so you see it must be all right. James B. says it is not speculation, but just plain business on a big scale. Same principle as when the Hummel boys combined and bought the old Sutton place and went to raising chickens, each putting in so much and each to have a proportionate share of what they made."

"And they never made anything, bust-in' up the first year," some one objected.

"That wasn't the combine; 'twas plush furniture and cholera," another explained. "The Hummel boys' wives got plush furniture and the chickens got cholera."

It was surprising how many of our Sweet Valley farmers went down into their socks and brought up tight little rolls. There seemed to be a sudden need of extra cash for hay tadders or manure spreaders or victrolas. James B., the obliging, the helpful, the optimistic, was ready to place anybody's money on Barbadoes Turtle. "I'm not infallible, but you may take my word for all it is worth that this is a sound proposition with the goods back of it."

TO RHODA he confessed surprise. "I've been thinking and talking a lot about the unworldliness and Spartan simplicity up here. I believed our people were satisfied with their old-fashioned plenty. I seem to have been fooled. Was it you, Rhoda, who told me Sweet Valley cared more for gold of ripening grain and sunlight on the hills than for the yellow dross of Wall Street?"

"That was last year," Rhoda answered. "Things are different now. People up here are human like the rest of the world, and they have caught the money-making fever, too. But I'm afraid I introduced the germ—or you did, James B. Maybe we have done wrong. Suppose they go on and become rich and worldly and envious and grasping—Oh, it would be such a pity, Jim! Think of Sweet Valley spoiled—"

"Don't you worry about that," James B. comforted her. "Sweet Valley will not degenerate into a millionaires' colony—not this deal. Nobody is getting rich quick on stocks or anything else this year. It will probably give the uncles a little extra change for fine-cut or smoking tobacco; it will certainly give them something to talk about at Gilly's store."

IT GAVE us something to talk about. The fever ran high. Usually when neighbors meet the talk is of the weather, the plowing, the sowing, the reaping, the chickens, the children, and like realities of earth and Nature. During the high-temperature period it was of dividends and deals and Lawson's advertisements and money—always of money.

When Mary Elizabeth Pealer ran in from next door, it was not to borrow a cup of sugar or a baby's night-dress pattern, but the city paper that she might look at the financial page. "I want to see if 'Chic, Consol, Gas, pref.' declares a dividend this month," she explained. "Of course I haven't any, but I've been figuring up how I would 'a' come out if I had bought five hundred shares last September."

"Think of it! Saints above, think of it!" Rhoda exclaimed. "Think of Mary Elizabeth Pealer, born and raised and married and going to be buried in Sweet Valley, reading a financial page or knowing a dividend from a door knob! And five hundred shares of 'Chic-what-is-it' when she has but two dresses to her back—gingham—and owes Gilly for one of them!"

FOR a time everything was glowing and golden. But there came faint, far-off whistlings and wallings of financial depression, of failures and panics. "But Barbadoes Turtle is all right," James B. repeated, and, with one silent exception, the Valleyites believed and rested content, counting up possible profits.

Rhoda did not read the financial page; she followed the more accurate feminine procedure of reading James B. As time passed she noted deepening lines

about his mouth and furrows on his forehead; she perceived that he was restless and irritable and that his genial exuberance often lapsed into absent-minded gloom. Plainly there was something on his mind. It could not be herself; she had never produced so baleful an effect. By elimination she arrived at Barbadoes Turtle.

"I should not worry too much," she ventured to advise. "If you have done what you have done for the best, you cannot be held accountable if things do not turn out right."

"What things?" he demanded sharply.

"The universe in general and Barbadoes Turtle in particular," she returned calmly.

"Oh, yes, I'm accountable for the universe!" he snorted savagely. "Just as accountable for that as for the other!" Then, as he pranced off excess emotion up and down her new porch: "I'm going out there. I tell you, I'm going out to that mine before this week ends. I'm still a director and I'll let them know I have some say!"

For several weeks after that Sweet Valley knew nothing of James B. Meanwhile rumors and rumors of rumors came in from the outside, and the financial page recorded strange wobbles of Barbadoes Turtle; a spirit of distrust gradually took form and substance and then grew swiftly and horribly, as such things will.

RHODA'S dearest female friend kept her informed, when others grew reticent and sullen. "There's some bad talk going," the report came. "They say James B. made a pretty penny selling that stock up here when he knew it was bound to go down, and some even say that, being a director, he helped manipulate or something to make it go down. Sam H. Henry went to Flowerville to see Lawyer Hartman, and Hartman told him the fancy certificates held by people up here are not worth more'n the paper they're printed on. He says he holds a lot of Barbadoes Turtle himself and counts it a clean loss. Uncle Jim Hess, having set such store on James B.'s being his namesake, took to his bed when he heard that."

"Oh, yes; it's paid dividends twice, as you say, so they have had something," Rhoda's informer admitted later. "But look what they expected! They were going to have automobiles and cement pigpens and Lord knows what. The lawyer told Sam no use trying for damages out of James B., because James B. will be cleaned out—bankrupted himself. Lots don't believe that. They say he'll be richer than ever and that is what he is in New York for—to get his share of the plunder. You must admit yourself 'twould look better if he'd come home and face the music and explain if he can. Billy Sutton says if folks round here had the spunk of a louse they'd have James B. in the penitentiary by this time. Billy did not buy any stock himself—bein' on the town, he couldn't—but he's having the time of his life advising and sympathizing with them that did."

Rhoda's friend cheered her further by detailing how she shared in the blame. "Of course 'twas you coaxed most of 'em into it, but they let you off some by saying you are a woman and must have been acting as James B.'s tool anyway. It really is just awful!" she reported, feelingly. "Sweet Valley's that changed, it seems like another place. Seems as though everybody's poisoned and bitter as gall."

IT IS true that Sweet Valley was changed and unnatural in those days. Rhoda, walking to the post office in the honeysuckle-scented dusk, sensed the difference with sharp pain. The quiet was depressing and funereal, with no gay voices or cheery greetings from porches or doorways; where the silence was broken it was by shrill argument and dissension on the one unhappy topic of money losses—*losses*. A big handful of mud splattered over the fresh white paint on the front of James B.'s house was eloquent—an *Iliad* of wrath.

No one had ever been known to throw mud in Sweet Valley before. The few who walked the shaded streets looked haggard and sullen—even the little children were scared and furtive. The red-eyed postmistress sighed and sniffed suspiciously; the group of stoop-shouldered men on the store porch paused in their muttered talk and grunted gruffly in answer to Rhoda's passing salutation. And Rhoda caught back a sob as she remembered James B.'s

prophecy that Barbadoes Turtle would give them something to talk of at Gilly's. That evening's mail brought Rhoda a brief letter from James B.—the fourth. The others had told little beyond the writer's whereabouts, the state of the weather and the state of his affections. This fourth, giving very little more detail, had been mailed in New York that morning:

"Arrived here from the mines yesterday. Return to Flowerville this afternoon. Expect to pay Sweet Valleyites a brief and busy visit to-morrow evening. Hope to find you well and kind. Do not spoil my surprise party by telling of my coming."

RHODA pondered this letter and other things half the night. In the morning she was fully prepared, though only partly dressed, when her zealous friend rushed in by the back way all aquiver with the announcement that something awful had happened. "Word has come that James B. is selling all his Flowerville property and mortgaging his farm so



The group of stoop-shouldered men on the store porch paused in their muttered talk and grunted...

he can get away with his loot, and they are getting ready to tar and feather him when he comes up to see you. Oh, they're just frothing, they're that mad. They are getting ready. They have a pile of pine knots and a big kettle of tar and the feather bed old Crazy Tim died on. It will be an awful thing to have happen—a disgrace to the place forever. I tell you, Rhoda, you must warn James B. to keep away until the feeling dies down."

BEING prepared, Rhoda laughed a little and said she did not believe any amount of warning would keep James B. away under the circumstances. Besides, you never could make him believe that Sweet Valley would tar and feather anybody, and you could not make her believe it either, she went on serenely.

She thought it was a great pity for people to become hysterical and overwrought. They were so likely to say things for which they would be sorry later. It seemed to be one of the evil effects of money grasping to make men and women lose their sense of proportion and their sense of justice.

"I'll tell you one thing," she concluded more sharply. "These men—these grown-up, capable men who went into this business with their eyes open and their palms itching, and who are trying the baby act now—are going to feel deeply ashamed when they come to their senses. There is no reason, legal, moral, or other, why James B. should mortgage property and strip himself to the hide to protect them. Not one man in a thousand would do it. But James B. is one! Well, of course I am prejudiced there; I would be, you know." She paused and regarded her friend with the veiled, Mona Lisa smile of a cat playing with a mouse. "This was intended to be kept a secret, but I believe I will tell—Yes, I believe I will tell you—" she announced slowly. "It is this way: I am going down to Flowerville on the 9.37 train. That is the reason I have on my best underclothes. I will meet James B. and we will be married this afternoon. So you see there is no danger of his going away. We will return here to-night—drive up in his car or in some one else's, if his has been sold—and we will expect to see

our friends. If they wish to have ready that tar and the feathers Crazy Tim died on, you may tell them we will be here about half past eight. But it better be the band playing 'Hail to the Chief' or something like that; don't you think, eh? If you will hook this for me, please? Thank you, dear! I never *can* do it! Haven't much time, have I? I would not miss this train for all the world, or world to come, maybe."

As she boarded her train, Rhoda laughed grimly to herself. She had a day's work ahead of her—a husband and a large sum of money to be procured and delivered in Sweet Valley by nightfall.

In Flowerville she visited a lawyer and a bank. It was afternoon when she appeared in James B.'s office—an entrancing vision in softest grays, with roses on her cheeks to match those on her hat. James B., in the midst of a confusion of ledgers and papers, blinked like a night owl introduced to light when she entered.

He welcomed her warmly, though a shade inquiringly. She had thought out several opening speeches, but they stuck in her throat now. This was not the bowed, harassed, disheartened James B. she expected to see. He was alert, clear-eyed, spruce, with the assured, businesslike air of a man whose course is clear before him. Rhoda felt her own course suddenly obscure and difficult.

"Apart from the natural and creditable desire to see me, I guess you have come to tell me what to do about that mining stock held by the uncles up the valley," James B. quizzed.

THE facetiousness of his tone stiffened Rhoda. "You do not need to be told what to do, James, and I do not need to be told what you are going to do in that matter. What I came for is to help you with it. To ask you to let me help you."

"To help me! How? To help me with what?"

Rhoda paid no attention to his inquiries. "You have lost a large amount of money, have you not?" she demanded.

"Oh, some," he admitted grimly.

"You have had to sell your houses in town and give up your automobiles and the store in Benton and mortgage the farm and sacrifice your interest in that coal land to meet your liabilities?" she pursued.

"You have been correctly informed."

"I did not need to be informed. I knew," she asserted calmly. "Well, I have money in the bank that really is yours, you know. You got it for me by speculating or something, and in my heart I have always regarded it as a present or a loan from you. Then there was all the rest of my property. It was unencumbered, so I was able to raise quite a sum on it. I have it here in my hand bag ready for you. You can count it all up and see how much it amounts to. I'm so stupid that way."

"You have it there, ready— You have brought your money— Good and all-powerful Lord!" James B. swore reverently under his breath. "Rhoda, what are you trying to do, and *why* are you doing it?"

Rhoda was breathing gaspingly, but she spoke quickly and firmly. "I am trying to help you because you are *you* and because you are going to do what is right even if it is foolish and you don't have to do it. I am as much to blame as you for their buying that stock, and I want to bear my share—"

"But, my dear girl, all that is absurd. From a business standpoint—"

"We cannot look at this from a business standpoint, can we? It is as you have always said: there must be a different standard from the rest of the world up the valley. People used to a selfish, sensible standpoint could not understand as you and I understand, could they? They could not know how many years' savings and scrimplings go into a hundred dollars, or how Dan Sutton walks the floor half the nights, and poor old Uncle Jim has taken to his bed, sick with the fear that they have lost the pitiful little sums reserved for last sicknesses and deaths and births." Rhoda was recovering herself enough to get in some of the prepared speeches now. "They would not know either—those worldly wise ones who might scoff—how the people admire and trust you, and have pathetic, almost tragic, faith that you will stand by them and find a way to pull them out of the hole. Why, Jimmie Barton, letting those old men lose money in speculation would be like letting little hungry children be coaxed into throwing their bread and butter to swans and goldfishes in an artificial pond, wouldn't it, now?"

"SO THEY think I can pull them out, do they? Uncle Jim has taken to his bed, has he?" he exclaimed in a queer voice.

"You know how they always have depended upon you. It is really almost ridiculous, Jimmie, the way they look up to you up there. Of course you have been mighty good—"

James B. stopped her with a loud imprecation of protest. He turned to his desk and figured savagely for some minutes. "Wipe me out clean as a whistle," he decided gloomily. "Still, (Continued on page 32)"



# A BILLION DOLLAR SENTIMENT

Every traveler in England or reader of English and Colonial publications must have been struck with the frequent use in English advertising of such expressions as "Made in England, by British Workmen"—a high-sounding phrase that, in itself, means rather less than nothing.

"Made by British workmen" settles nothing in regard to the quality of a product. It merely opens up the question as to what sort of persons British workmen are and whether or not, as a class, they are better workmen than Germans, Frenchmen or Americans. And the answer is, of course, that they are not.

British workmen *differ* in their capabilities, not because they are British workmen, but because they are human beings. The British workman is no better and no worse, on the whole, than average workmen elsewhere. He is various. But the big fact in this connection is that England *thinks* he is better and it is profitable for England to think so.

A sentiment in favor of British-made goods has been created and carefully nurtured by British merchants, manufacturers and periodicals. That sentiment is worth billions of dollars to England. And the lack of a similar sentiment in America, in favor of American-made goods, costs this country hundreds of millions of dollars a year. *Every one of us shares the loss.*

We in America have gone so far in the other direction that we have built up a solid wall of prejudice against our own goods and in favor of anything bearing the magic word "imported".

This word has spoken as a voice of authority, as the well-known "last word" in matters of style, quality, exclusiveness and what not.

Isn't it about time for us to wake up—all of us, manufacturers, retailers and consumers—and take note of the golden stream of our own money which is flowing away from us, solely because of sentiment on one side and prejudice on the other? The European war has given us a chance to turn the stream our way. Ordinary intelligence should keep it flowing our way forever, once started.

It is not necessary to build up a mere "patriotic" *prejudice* against the goods of other nations, or in favor of our own. We have a chance to do something bigger than that.

England's sentiment in favor of English goods is not based upon *facts* of superiority, but on a care-

fully created *illusion* of superiority. But it is a profitable illusion, as well as a pleasant one. It costs nothing, and if we could do no better, I should say let us build up a similar one by all means.

If we must have illusions, it is profitable to have them about our own people and our own products. But it is better to have facts than illusions, and in the case of American workmen and American products *the facts are in our favor.*

The American workman is the composite workman of the world. He is everything. To start with, he may be English, German, Belgian, Frenchman, Swiss, or anything you like, but over here he soon becomes American too. To whatever the old world has given him, in his own life or through his ancestors, America adds something. To old-world patience and method, there is added American energy, zeal and initiative. American Government, institutions, customs, everything—the very atmosphere—are stimulating to action, to invention, to ambition.

American workmen are not all perfect as individuals. But in the very nature of things they are, on the whole, the best average workmen in the world, because they have come from all the world, bringing the best of all countries with them and adding the indomitable and creative American spirit to what they brought.

And American manufacturing resources are the best in the world. It is true that European manufacturers thus far have excelled us in some things—*due principally to the larger market afforded them by our prejudice in favor of the foreign label.* But where Europe has excelled in one thing, America has excelled in a dozen. With the stimulus of united American support of American industries, she will excel in everything that can be manufactured.

Americans do not know the facts in regard to American manufacturing superiority in many lines. Collier's hopes to provide the facts and to help in organizing an American sentiment for American goods, *based upon the facts.*

Let's get together—let everybody help—to the end of substituting a reasonable preference for an unreasonable prejudice.

IN RESPECT TO THE GOODS OF  
OUR EUROPEAN NEIGHBORS  
LET US BE "KINDLY, BUT  
FIRM"—AND SEE TO IT THAT  
THE GOODS WE PURCHASE,  
WHEREVER POSSIBLE, ARE  
MADE IN AMERICA

*E. L. Patterson*

Vice-President and General Manager  
P. F. Collier & Son, Inc.

I hear a sof' footstep behin' me—  
A voice in my ear whispers low  
"I've filled up yo' pipe full o'  
VELVET

You know what I want, Uncle Joe."  
An' the fust thing I know thar's  
the kiddie

A-climbin' up onto my knee  
An' while I'm a-lightin' I ask 'im,  
"What sort of a tale shall it be?"  
"Thar's one in my pipe now, a-hidin';  
Let's smoke him, and then he  
will jump

"Right out of my pipe like a rabbit,  
From his home in a ole hollow  
stump."

"Yo' pipe is jus chuck full o' stories;  
It's 'most like a book, Uncle Joe."  
"Yes, buddy," I says to the kiddie,  
"I reckon thar's just about so."

*Velvet Joe*

Velvet Joe is not the only story teller who smoked stories from his pipe bowl. "David Copperfield," "Treasure Island" and countless other gems of literature owe much to the inspiration of good tobacco.

And what man does not long at times to shut out the world with fragrant smoke clouds, so that he may tell himself the story of his own ambitions, hopes and aspirations—dream his own dreams?

Yes, there's inspiration for you in VELVET, the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco. There's peace in the aged-in-the-wood mellowness of it.

There's satisfaction in its old Kentucky *Burley de Luxe* fragrance.

There's *comfort* in this mild, cool, slow-burn-  
ing smoke.

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*  
Copyright 1914

5c Metal-  
Lined Bags  
10c Tins  
One Pound  
Glass  
Humidors



1/2 Actual Size

## Brickbats & Bouquets

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is one of those publications which has somehow arranged its finances and its material worldly problems so that it can sail ad libitum into realms of the ideal. There are other demigods of journalism which sniff the upper air often, and frequently get visions of the empyrean, but which nevertheless have feet of clay, and which get their feet wet by still sticking to earth.—Wichita (Kas.) *Eagle*.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.

Please accept heartfelt gratitude for H. G. Wells's corking serial. Could a more felicitous expression be imagined in describing the fracas in the caravan than "smothered noises of still inadequate adjustment within"?

ORVILLE WILLIAMSON.

TUCUMCARI, N. M.

You hold the laboring man up with one hand and knock him out with the other.

H. W. LOGGINS.

TULSA, OKLA.

Mr. Macfarlane's article on the situation in Colorado is by far and large preeminently the feature article that I have ever read in COLLIER'S. It is the fairest and most unprejudiced exposé of the real facts existing between the big interests and the workers, not only in Colorado but all over the country.

J. A. EVANS.

COLUMBIA, Mo.

Be a good sport. Put Julian Street in every week. Yours for more meanderings,

CHARLES G. ROSS.

EBURNE, B. C.

COLLIER'S is going from bad to worse. It is hardly worth reading now. The U. S. A. is not the only place on God's earth, and if you are selling it in Canada, please give some Canadian news.

G. N. J. SCOTT.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY probably recognizes the force of the Davy Crockett maxim, "Be sure you're right and then go ahead," but has the good sense when it finds it's not going right to stop going ahead.

—Knoxville (Tenn.) *Journal-Tribune*.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, pro-Bull Moose and anti-Peruna organ, says: "Ray Stannard Baker closes an article in the 'American Magazine' by stating that the Washington dope is to the effect that in the Presidential campaign of 1916 'the battle will be between Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt; and may the best man win!' We are willing to go further and say that, in the above event, the best man certainly and surely will win. It's a cinch!"

A river of doubt flows between COLLIER'S prophecy and its fulfillment.—Springfield (Mass.) *News*.

BROKEN ARROW, OKLA.

MR. JULIAN STREET.

DEAR SIR: Permit me to express my unbounded admiration for your "American Ramblings" now appearing in COLLIER'S WEEKLY. . . . I'm strong for your stories, and COLLIER'S will get my nickel each week so long as you've got a place on the program!

BILLY E. KEIFER.

SUNLIGHT, VA.

"Bealby" is delightful, and the illustrations are as fine as the story. There is as much recreation in this story as in a whole summer's vacation. I wish you were more regular in publishing "Comment on Congress," since I feel that I do not get my money's worth when that page is left out.

S. B. DETWILER.

NEWBERG, ORE.

I speak only the truth when I say there is nothing better [than "Bealby"] in Dickens.

JOHN T. BELL.

GAINESVILLE, TEX.

Will you please tell me whether Meredith Nicholson is a real or pen name? I wanted to know before, and can't resist making an effort to find out after reading and rereading "The Girl at the Ad Counter," published in July 4, COLLIER'S. I also desire the address of

the above mentioned author—if it is all right to give it. Let me add that I appreciate COLLIER'S to the extent that I don't feel that I could do without it.

MRS. J. V. JENKINS.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

In re Marietta College: "As an evidence of fair-mindedness." In COLLIER'S! This is too, too much.

STINKING LEFFENS.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY has a profound sense of the poetry in prose, but none in humor.—Parkersburg (W. Va.) *Dispatch-News*.

OSSIAN, IND.

In re Meredith Nicholson's opinion of "Bealby." Bosh! Who are you publishing yarns for? The Meredith Nicholsons or the great unwashed? How many Merediths are there, anyhow? Go back five or six years and give us real stories—short ones at that! COLLIER'S has been "punk" in fiction (O. K. in politics) for some time.

REM. A. JOHNSTON.

PHILMONT, N. Y.

Here's to George Randolph Chester and his stories! Bulliest ever! Here's stories with life to them! After having been disappointed by your magazine for some months, I wish to congratulate you on the way you picked up, "Bealby" especially; also "Fundamental Justice" is great.

ALICE HELEN CAN.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

My three small children love COLLIER'S for the pictures, and will sit down by themselves and pore over them in greatest enjoyment.

JOHN L. HOUSTON.

DAYTON, WASH.

MY DEAR MR. STREET: I enjoy very much all of your articles, but the Chicago one has the personal touch so that I remember the schoolmates and the old homes where I played.

ARTHUR APPLETON.

CONSTABLE, N. Y.

MR. JULIAN STREET.  
DEAR SIR: . . . After you found old William with his last remark; "Well I guess I'll see you again some time—some place" and saw those boys in short trousers come yelling through that gate and you had the curious feeling that among them was the boy you used to be, I finished reading with moist eyes. Such reflections soften and touch the heart of a man on the upward side of fifty like myself, especially when I see my own boyhood mirrored in my loved son of sixteen, who, though as tall as I am, seldom fails to give his father a good night kiss.

H. P. LANGDON.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY strongly denounces the Administration for giving aid and comfort to General Villa. It may be that Villa is far from being an ideal little playmate; but he appears to be the only militant friend Uncle Sam has south of the Rio Grande.—Kansas City (Mo.) *Star*.

ITHACA, N. Y.

Regards to George Fitch. His essay this week on "College-Bred Farmers" is true George Fitch style. Why not "boost" COLLIER'S a little more when the boys get back? Your "booze" editorial may then help to make the "Dutch," "Senate," and "College Inn" a little less popular.

S. L. A., 16B. S.

IRON MOUNTAIN, MICH.

I have never thought of myself as one passing judgment upon the literary efforts of our present-day authors, for I have enjoyed many stories that some personal friends found nothing in, and so have always entertained a "sneaking notion" that possibly it was I who erred in judgment. Be that as it may, I have occasionally read stories in your magazine that have instilled in me a desire to express to you my pleasure derived from them. Comes the May 2 number containing the story "The Last of the Family," by Richard Washburn Child. I consider it one of his best—and his are always good.

FRANK X. FUGERE.



ROCHESTER, MINN.

I want to tell you how much I enjoy your semiserials by Will Adams. "Shorty," his "top" sergeant and several others seem like personal friends, probably because I was with the 3rd Cav. in the Islands. Will Adams's local "color" for the Philippine stories is unusually accurate, which, it may be, makes the discrepancies of the artist more noticeable—such as showing Finnegan sliding down what is distinctly a palm tree upon a "limb" of which he had been roosting—only palm trees don't have limbs—except by accident.

L. B. OHLINGER.

Julian Street writes in COLIER'S that a wave of good taste is sweeping over the United States from Maine to California. Dare we hope that the Public Library lions and the Maine Monument are not securely moored to their foundations?—New York (N. Y.) *Morning Telegraph*.

GRAND FORKS, N. DAK.

Child's story, "The Last of the Family," I consider a perfect example of the

short story. The theme is worthy and dignified; the style is pure, simple English (no screaming Coney Island style now in vogue in some "popular magazines"); and the story is intensely interesting. Give us more from Child!

PROFESSOR JAMES E. BOYLE,  
University of North Dakota.

BOSTON, MASS.

Julian Street's articles come nearer to being a picture of what is actually going on than anything else that anybody is writing just now. They are sane and full of color. Not that I for a moment mean to suggest a literary comparison, but fifty years from now people will be able to get a better notion of the United States to-day from some things he has written than from things which certain heavy thinkers are putting out who take themselves overseriously—just as we get a better notion about the England of the early eighteenth century from Addison and Steele than from Dean Swift—and yet Swift had his merits.

L. A. C.

## Nature

By BERTON BRALEY : Illustration by Cal Luce

NATURE never made much of a hit with me.

Possibly the fault is mine, but there is a good deal to be said on my side, nevertheless.

They call her "Mother Nature," and talk about her loving kindness and her bounty to every living thing, while all the time she is about the most wasteful, improvident, and cruel mother imaginable.

She gives the codfish several million eggs—and sees that only three or four of them reach maturity. She sows a million pine seeds and only raises one or two trees from them; she grows beautiful trees in the jungle—and invents parasites to choke and destroy them.

She breeds myriads of insects which have no purpose whatever save to torture and kill useful animals, or to devour or blight lovely and valuable plants. She makes little animals by the thousands so that larger animals can eat them, and under her benign maternal care we see the noble results of her policy of survival of the fittest—which, in most cases, means the survival of the most ruthless and the cruellest.

A HUMAN mother who would turn her children loose to fight and slay and eat each other as Nature does would be considered a menace to the world and would either be hanged or sequestered in an insane asylum, but a lot of people profess a deep admiration for Nature's method of conducting her affairs. I don't. As I remarked before, she is not only cruel, she is wasteful. Any human institution which threw away as much as Nature does would be in bankruptcy inside of a week. Leave Nature to herself and she produces the jungle—about as stupendous an example of waste, uselessness, and virulence as one can imagine.

I'll admit that a brief sojourn with Nature is refreshing. Her air is highly recommended—and justly so; her sunshine has a tonic, and, to my mind, beautifying effect upon most skins; and she occasionally produces various scenic effects which man has found it impossible to equal, and which are very pleasing to the eye and stimulating to the mind.

But the visit with Nature should be brief; or, at any rate, a brief call suffices me. If I linger long with Nature I

find her other guests irritate me. She is too catholic in her hospitality. She welcomes me, it is true, with more or less open arms, but she also welcomes mosquitoes, wasps, gnats, caterpillars, ticks, and other such pests, which get sociable with me immediately and who either feast on me or on my food. I do not care to be a snob, nor would I have Nature become one, but I do think she might be a trifle more select.

AND when it comes right down to it, it seems to me that Nature's culinary arts have been somewhat overpraised. Personally I believe bacon broiled under a gas fire is preferable to that scorched over an open fire—and it usually is scorched—and I venture to state that potatoes baked in a kitchen oven are really much better than those which you pull, burnt and sandy, out of the dirt and the ashes of a camp fire.

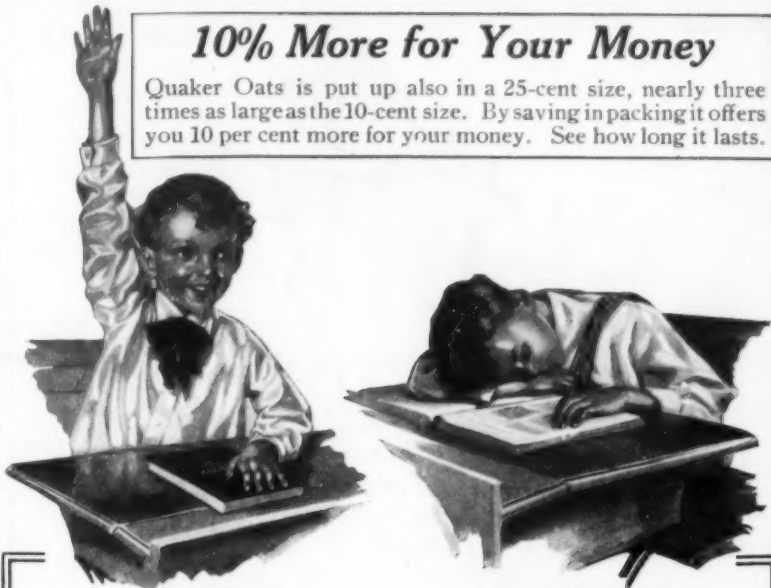
The pleasures of sleeping under the sky have also been grossly exaggerated. Beds on "the good brown earth" or of "fragrant pine boughs" have a way of developing hundreds of hard spots and of discovering scores of bones and knuckles and joints which you never before knew existed in your anatomy. And it is exceedingly difficult to keep wrapped in a blanket when your attention is constantly diverted by the visits of spiders and such insects, which are of an investigating turn of mind, or by the singing of countless bugs and insects—a sort of music not conducive to real rest. There may be people who hop up clear-eyed and refreshed from slumber in the open, but I don't—unless it be the open of a screened porch and a bed fashioned in Grand Rapids, Mich., not by Nature but by the hand of man.

Take her all in all, then, I regard Nature as a good deal of a bluff. This may be presumptuous in me—but when one considers that Nature, unaided, made the apple and the peach inedible and produces cacti and weeds, and that the only time she is really useful is when man applies his intelligence and labor to her amateur efforts, my presumption may not seem so great. She is very well in a dilettante way, and her hospitality is all right, as heretofore noted, for a short period, but for steady company I prefer Man.



## 10% More for Your Money

Quaker Oats is put up also in a 25-cent size, nearly three times as large as the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers you 10 per cent more for your money. See how long it lasts.



Some Do ————— Some Don't

## Get Vim-Food In the Morning

Some children go to school on Quaker Oats—perhaps five millions of them.

They get all the vitality, all the energy that the greatest vim-food can supply them.

The rest, whatever else they eat, get less of some things which young folks need.

You know that—all folks know it.

They miss, in addition, a delicious dish. You serve nothing so luscious—so tempting to children—as well-cooked Quaker Oats.

Few children—few grown-ups—get as much as they need of this spirit-giving Quaker.

## Quaker Oats

Matchless in Taste and Aroma

Quaker Oats leads—leads all the world over—because of its taste and aroma.

It comes in big flakes, made only from the plump and luscious grains. All the puny, starved grains are discarded.

So careful are we to get only the cream that we get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

The Quaker process includes dry heat and steam heat—hours of both.

It enhances the flavor. Thus we bring to the tables of a hundred nations the most delicious oat dish that's known.

You get this when you ask for Quaker Oats. And you pay no extra price. Thus you create and continue a love for this food of foods. You lead folks to eat an abundance. Don't you consider that worth while?

### Quaker Cooker

We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package.

10c and 25c per Package  
Except in Far West and South



## GETTING DOWN TO THE FOUNDATION OF PIANO VALUE

No matter what name is on your piano, its quality as a musical instrument is dependent solely upon how well every workman who touches it does his individual work in relation to the work of every other man.

### THE PACKARD PIANO FACTORY

is operated along lines of mutual interest, mutual confidence, mutual responsibility, and mutual opportunity among all the men—officers and workmen alike—that give each one of them a personal incentive to put himself into his work without reserve, and that make him feel secure in doing so.

The name Packard on a piano means that this spirit among the men that make it has been put into the quality of it. Because of this spirit, and its effect upon the product of the Packard Piano Factory, it will pay you to

### INVESTIGATE THE PACKARD

before you buy any piano. Send for catalog and name of local dealer.

## THE PACKARD PIANO CO.

Fort Wayne  
UPRIGHT PIANOS  
PLAYER PIANOS



Indiana  
MINIATURE GRANDS  
CONCERT GRANDS

*If there is no harmony in the factory, there will be none in the piano*

The All-America Baseball Team, by Grantland Rice, and The Diamond Jester, a baseball story by Frank Evans, are two of the headliners in the October seventeenth issue of Collier's, The National Weekly.



Collier's, The National Weekly,  
416 W. 13th St.,  
New York City.

Send me Collier's for one year  
for which I enclose check for \$2.50.

*What Our Readers Think*  
Los Angeles, Cal.

"I wish to congratulate your paper upon the views that they have taken relative to the European War. 'Are We Neutral', 'Sandbagging Belgium', and 'Case of Russia' express my sentiments exactly.

A. M. CULVER."

# The Birth of the Colyum

By JULIAN STREET

PROBABLY the first regular humorous column in the country—certainly the first to attract any considerable attention—was conducted for the Chicago "Tribune" by Henry Ten Eyck White, familiarly known as "Butch" White. It started about 1885, under the heading, "Lakeside Musings."

After running this column for some five years, White gave it up, and it was taken over, under the same heading, by Eugene Field, who made it even better known than it had been before.

### Ancient History

FIELD had started as a "columnist" on the Denver "Tribune," where he had run his "Tribune Primer"; later he had been brought to Chicago by Melville E. Stone (now general manager of the Associated Press) and Victor F. Lawson, who had together established the Chicago "Daily News," of which Mr. Lawson is the present editor and publisher. Field's column in the "News" was known as "Sharps and Flats." In it appeared his free translations of the Odes of Horace, and much of his best-known verse.

In 1890 George Ade came from Indiana and, after having been a reporter on the Chicago "Record" for one year, started his famous "Stories of the Street and Town," under which heading much of his best early work appeared. This department was illustrated by John T. McCutcheon, another Indiana boy.

At about this time Roswell Field, a brother of Eugene, was conducting a column called "Lights and Shadows" in the Chicago "Evening Post," in which paper Finley Peter Dunne was also beginning his "Dooleys." Dunne was born in Chicago and was a reporter on several Chicago papers before he found his level. He got his idea for "Dooley" from Jim McGarry, who had a saloon opposite the Tribune Building, and employed a bartender named Casey, who was a foil for him. McGarry was described to me by a "Tribune" man, who knew him, as "a crusty old cuss."

### B. L. T., F. P. A., and Others

AFTER some years Dunne left the "Post" and became editor of the Chicago "Journal," to which paper came (from Vermont by way of Duluth) Bert Leston Taylor. Taylor ran a department on the "Journal" which was called "A Little About Everything," and one of his "con-

tribs" was a young insurance man, Franklin P. Adams. Later, when Taylor left the "Journal" to take a position on the "Tribune," Adams left the insurance business and went at "columning" in earnest, taking Taylor's former place upon the "Journal." In 1904 he went to the New York "Evening Mail." More recently he has conducted a successful column called "The Conning Tower," in the New York "Tribune."

On leaving the Chicago "Journal," Taylor started, in the "Tribune," his column known as "A Line-o'-Type or Two." This he ran for three years, after which he moved to New York and became editor of "Puck." Before Taylor left the "Tribune," Wilbur D. Nesbit, who had been running a column in the Baltimore "American," which he signed "Josh Wink," came to Chicago and started a column in the "Tribune," called "The Top o' the Morning," which for a time alternated with Taylor's "Line-o'-Type." Later Nesbit moved over to the "Evening Post," where he conducted a department called "The Innocent By-stander." This left the "Tribune" for a time without a "column."

### Well Colyumed Chicago Papers

IN the next few years two other columns started in Chicago, "Alternating Currents," conducted by S. E. Kiser for the "Record-Herald," and "In the Wake of the News," which was started in the "Tribune" by the late "Hughey" Keough, still remembered as an exceptionally gifted man. When Keough died, Hugh S. Fullerton ran the column for a time, after which it was taken up by R. W. Lardner, who continues to conduct it. Another column, which started a year or so ago, is "Breakfast Food" in the "Examiner," conducted by George Phair, formerly of Milwaukee.

The "Tribune" now has two "columns," for, five years since, it recaptured Bert Leston Taylor and brought him back to revive his "Line-o'-Type." He has been there ever since, and, so far as I know "columns," his is the best in the United States.

It has been widely imitated, as has also been the work of the "Tribune's" famous cartoonist, John T. McCutcheon. But something that a "Tribune" man said to me about McCutcheon is no less true, I think, of Taylor: "They can imitate his style, but they cannot imitate his mind."

## The Miracle Club

(Continued from page 14)

are two good utility men and bolster up by secondary strength. James is one of the great pitchers in baseball—and he is right. "So are Rudolph and Tyler. We may not win any pennants, but we'll now show a few clubs some dust. Watch our smoke from this point on."

But the psychological were the more important turning points after all.

### The Psychological Hunch

WE arrived in Cincinnati with the Giants late in July—McGraw's club going over one Sunday morning for a day of rest. At the ball park that afternoon the Braves were facing the Reds in a double-header. They were still last.

They won the first game, but in the second were beaten 2 to 0 up to the ninth inning. In that round they rallied, batted over three runs and by winning the game slipped from last place for the first time all year. It was easy enough for anyone who witnessed that Red double-header to see that a new ball club had arrived on the pennant landscape. They made the enthusiasm of a winning college team look pallid and insipid compared to the frenzy they put into their joy. They yelled and cheered and threw bats into the air—slapping one another upon the back and almost smothering Stallings, who was the happiest man in the lot.

That night members of the Boston club dropped around at New York headquarters and issued their defy to the

Giants. "We're going out after you fellows," said Dick Rudolph, "so you'd better get going if you want that lead."

Stallings felt the same way about it. It was easy enough to see that, although just out of last place, he had shifted his attention from any old place in the first division to the top of the ladder. "We're on our way at last," he said, "and unless this New York club takes a big brace we'll nail it sure. We are now playing 30 per cent better ball than any club in the circuit. We have over two months left. We're not going to break or slump. The only way New York can beat us out is to hustle all year. Right now I've got a better club. Watch Boston start in and play better baseball than she has shown."

### Here Begins the Landslide

BACK in May Manager McGraw had written a story in which he said Pittsburgh was the club he had to watch. Later on he figured the Cubs must be beaten. After talking to the Braves that July night, and absorbing some of the spirit and enthusiasm they were showing, we sent back a story advising the Giants to keep a weather eye peeled on the club that had just evacuated last place; but in place of asking for any armistice to bury its dead, was on its way to another charge.

The Braves finished a wonderful trip, and then for three weeks fell into a bad batting slump. But while this slump was on,



# \$930,000 Per Week Paid for HUDSON Cars

## \$235,600 Paid by Users in One Day

On September 15—the day before this is written—dealers sold to users 152 HUDSON Six-40's. That is, yesterday buyers of new cars paid out \$235,600 for HUDSONS.

The average has long been \$930,000 per week—because that is the limit of output. We are building and selling 100 per day. That is five times as many—five times, mark you—as we sold at this season last year. And we had no war then. Our average sales have more than trebled since August 1st.

## Means That Hudsons Rule This Field

In July—when we brought out this new model—we trebled our output to cope with demand. Thirty days later—despite our best efforts—we were 4,000 cars oversold.

We shipped by express nearly 1,000 cars to minimize delays. That is unprecedented. But thousands of men waited weeks for this car when other cars were plentiful. No other could satisfy men who once saw this new-model HUDSON Six-40.

## Five-Fold Increase An Amazing Thing

Consider that the HUDSON has long been a leading car. Every model for years has been designed by Howard E. Coffin. He has brought out in these cars all his new advances. And the demand for his models—long before this Six-40—gave HUDSONS the lead. The first HUDSON Six, inside of one year, made us the largest builders of six-cylinder cars in the world.

Think what a car this must be—this

new HUDSON Six-40—to multiply this popularity by five in one year. And to do it at a time like this. Think how far it must outrank all the cars that compete with it. Think what a tremendous appeal it must make to car buyers.

Think how it attracts—how it must excel—when in times like these they pay \$930,000 per week for it. And they would have paid more had we had the cars to deliver—as shown by yesterday's sales of 152 cars.

**The HUDSON Six-40 is today the largest-selling car in the world with a price above \$1,200.**

## See the Car That Did It Howard E. Coffin's Best

Go now and see this model—the car whose record is unmatched in the annals of this line. You will see a quality car sold at a price which is winning men by the thousands from lower-grade cars.

You will see a class car—in many respects the finest car of the day—sold at one-third what class cars used to cost.

You will see how clever designing and costly materials have saved about 1,000 pounds in weight. And in this light car—the lightest seven-seat car—you will see one of the sturdiest cars ever built. You will see a new-type

motor which has cut down operative cost about 30 per cent.

You will see new beauties, new ideas in equipment, new comforts, new conveniences. You will see scores of attractions you have never seen before.

They are all in this masterpiece of Howard E. Coffin, who has long been the leading American designer. This is his finished ideal of a car, and many count him final authority.

Mr. Coffin has worked for four years on this model, with 47 other HUDSON engineers. Part by part, they have refined to the limit every detail of the car.

This is the acceptable proven type. This lightness, beauty, economy and price are new-day standards which men are demanding. And this quality—Howard E. Coffin's level best—is the least men will take when they know.

## Now is the Time

Now is the time to pick out your new car. Next year's models are out now. You see what the field has to offer. And the best touring months are before you—the Indian Summer days. Get your new car and enjoy them.

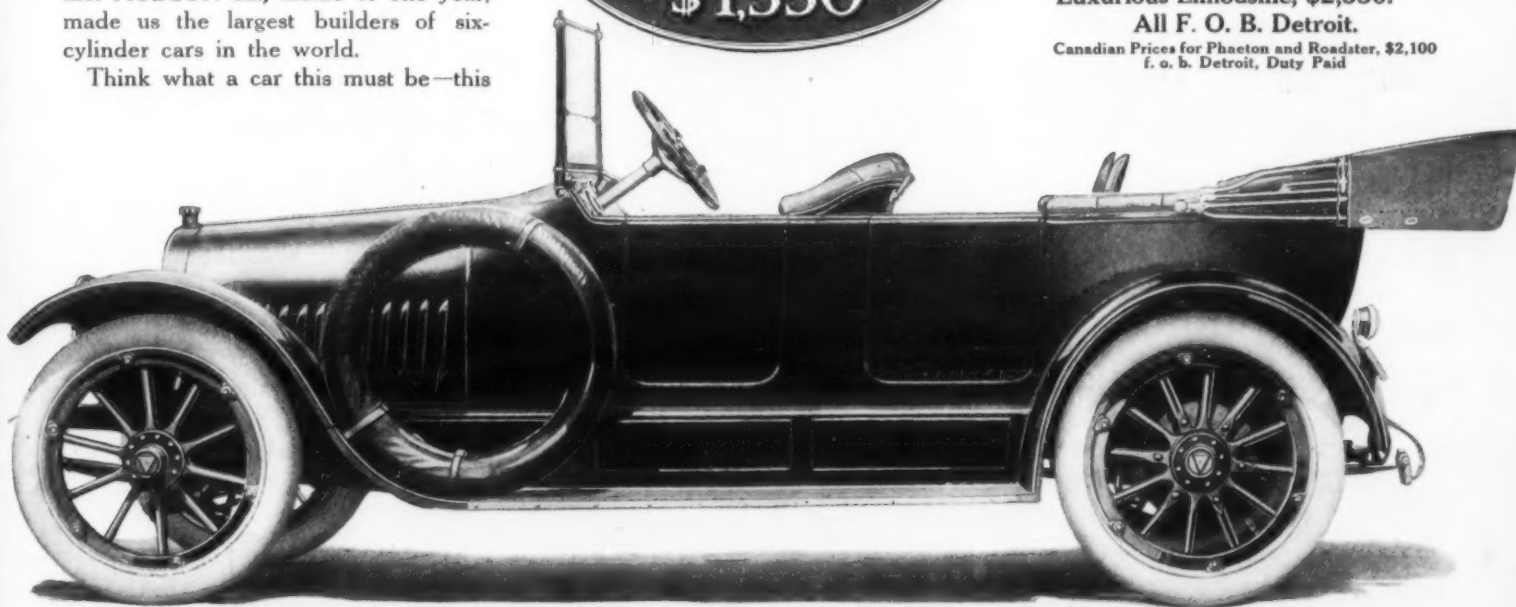
If you buy a class car, this new HUDSON Six-40 is the car you'll want. The exclusive features which have won so much favor are bound to appeal to you. Your dealer will see that you get your car promptly if we have to ship by express.

### Five new-style bodies:

- 7-Passenger Phaeton, \$1,550.
- 3-Passenger Roadster, \$1,550.
- 3-Passenger Cabriolet, \$1,750.
- 4-Passenger Coupe, \$2,150.
- Luxurious Limousine, \$2,550.

All F. O. B. Detroit.

Canadian Prices for Phaeton and Roadster, \$2,100 f. o. b. Detroit, Duty Paid



HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 8245 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.



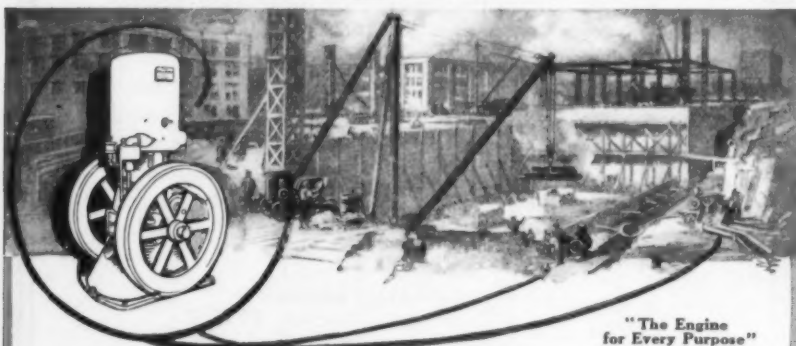
2 for 25¢

# ARROW COLLARS

"NORMAN"—The new Arrow style  
A cutaway front collar that is particularly smart in fit and sit.

CLUETT, PEABODY &amp; CO. INC. Makers

TROY, NEW YORK



"The Engine for Every Purpose"

## Bid Low—and Put Novo on the Payroll

This is what one contractor wrote after he had made money on a closely figured job by using power instead of labor wherever he could. He did his trench pumping with a portable Novo Diaphragm Pumping Outfit that did more work than six men and cost less than one.

Instead of wheelbarrowing his concrete up inclines, he rigged up a Novo Hoist; two rings slipped over the handles of the barrow and a hook caught the wheel and up she went to the right level. That cut down the labor cost by eight men.

**NOVO**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
**ENGINES**  
**AND OUTFITS**

NO TANK  
NO FAN  
NO FREEZING  
TROUBLE

He did his trench filling by hitching a Novo hoist to a scraper with one man to guide the latter. Here he saved the cost of five men.

A Novo ran his concrete mixer. Novo Engine solves the problem of ample, absolutely reliable power under hardest conditions—in rain or freezing weather. It works from whistle to whistle and sets a steady pace that laborers must keep up to.

A Novo costs more because we have crowded into it every dollar of value we can. That's the only kind of an engine that will stand up on construction work.

NOVO Engines can be furnished for operating on gasoline, kerosene, alcohol, or distillate.



Our book, "Reliable Power," tells all about Novo Engines and Novo labor-saving Outfits for making contracting profitable. We will send "Reliable Power," FREE, to anyone who is interested. Please write on your business letterhead.

### Live Dealers

are invited to ask us about our permanent and profitable proposition to dealers.

**NOVO ENGINE CO.** 461 Willow St. Lansing, Mich.  
or Station A, San Jose, California  
CLARENCE E. BEMENT, Sec'y and Mgr.



Five of the Seventy-five Varieties of Novo Outfits

James, Rudolph, and Tyler turned and furnished the finest pitching over a long period any club has ever shown. For almost a month these three stalwarts rolled back all opposition with few hits and fewer runs, allowing hardly an average of one earned to the battle for something like fifteen games. By this time the feeling had become general that after all the Braves might be in earnest. But most veteran sport followers still refused to take them seriously. "They are traveling beyond their speed," was the comment, "and when the show-down comes there'll be nothing to it. They'll break and the Giants will canter in under wraps. Cubs and Pirates did the same thing two years ago—but the Giants beat them out by ten games. Nothing to it."

### The Next Turring Point

BUT the Braves, for some quaint reason of their own, refused absolutely to break. They insisted rather upon moving along without any serious check. A world war broke out in Europe, but the Braves began to share a few front-page headlines. In Boston, joined with the report that 30,000 were killed along the Meuse, was the front-page statement that Bill James had copped another and that Evers and Maranville had cut in with another great double play.

But the big test had yet to come around mid August. All through their spurt the Braves had yet to meet and beat the Giants. The Giants had beaten them eight out of eleven games before this, and McGraw's men were still confident the ex-tailenders would be crushed and driven back in some hand-to-hand fighting.

"Walt," was the New York cry, "until Boston comes to the Polo Grounds."

The Braves came to the Polo Grounds and won the first two games. On the last day McGraw hurled Mathewson at the invaders and for nine rounds the Old Master held them off. But when the break came it wasn't the ex-tailenders who slipped, but the Giants and Matty. They beat him 2 to 0, and for the first time the Giants began to read the writing on the wall. In place of having a Tennessee cakewalk to their fourth flag they saw at last they were in for a grim, desperate struggle with the odds favoring the on-coming machine. A week later the Braves had drawn up on even terms, and the fifteen-game lead had gone where the woodbine twineth and the whang-doodle pipeth his discordant lay.

### Another Test

BUT the Brave test was still incomplete. They had reached the top, but the Giants had rallied and were fighting hard. So here, after all, was the hardest

test of their year—to hold and protect what they had gained. On Labor Day in Boston 35,000 fans came out to see the two leaders in battle. For eight innings the great Mathewson held them at bay. In the ninth, with an assault led by Devore and Gowdy, ex-Giants, the Brave machine again beat Mathewson back and this time rushed on in front. The Giants caught up in the afternoon before another 36,000 crowd—smashing all one-day records, but the following day saw the Brave banner again on top, and within a week this lead had been increased to three games. Of the six test games fought with the Giants after Stallings's team had swept into its stride, the Braves won five and lost one. This was the blow that drove New York in September back into second place, and threw a sable shadow over McGraw's dream of four straight conquests. He had the record of forty years established—a record Mack couldn't meet with the Athletics—that Chance couldn't set up with the

old Cubs—and here suddenly his way was barred by a club that up to July Fourth had been the worst-looking club in the league—a rank tailender that ordinarily would never have finished fifth.

Here was a club that had won only a third of its first sixty games, and then had suddenly turned and won over four-fifths of its next sixty starts. No wonder McGraw and his veteran machine were dazed and bewildered. They knew the game was full of upsets, but they had never seen anything like this deadly, remorseless advance of a club they had previously beaten with ease in game after game.

No wonder they were bewildered. It was all beyond the elastic confines of the dope. The game had never seen anything like it before. A tailender one day, and thirty-seven days later tied for the lead.



Pitcher Bill James  
His grand work was the feature of the Braves

### Whys and Wherefores

THIS isn't any story of a pennant race. This is rather the story of how a tail-end ball club in mid season saved the finances of an entire league, added at least \$300,000 to the war chests of eight clubs, and turned the most insipid and dulllest of all seasons into the most interesting known since 1905, when Giants, Cubs, and Pirates were locked until the last few days. It is a story with a sportive moral, for it shows again that there is always hope as long as there is a fighting heart. And there has never been a story of

finer courage or of greater faith or keener determination against every odds that might be found.

### A Certain Mr. George Stallings

THE first answer to the Brave uplift is the managerial skill and abiding faith and courage of George Stallings—the man who refused to quit—who fought just as hard when he was last as when he reached the top. Stallings performed the miracle of holding the morale of his machine together when the club was last.

We asked him how he did it—what magic he used.

"It's a state secret," he replied. But it's no great secret after all. He refused to quit and he refused to let any of his men quit. He merely refused to be discouraged as long as there was a chance left. And he was lucky enough to have a lieutenant of exactly the same type in Johnny Evers—a bundle of nerves, who continued on the field where Stallings left off on the bench. Evers, working under Chance, was one of the main souls of the old Cub guard. Working under Stallings, he continued as one of the main souls of his new club. His batting and fielding were never better. Working with young Maranville, second base had never seen finer play. But his

energy and alertness and hustling qualities on the field were even greater aid.

### The Material Mr. Stallings Had

MARANVILLE and Evers were the two main Brave stars—and their way, after both got back into condition, was an inspiration for any club. After this great pair came the pitchers. Last year Bill James won six games and lost ten; Rudolph won fourteen and lost thirteen; Tyler won sixteen and lost seventeen. There was no record of stardom in these figures. But Stallings had groomed

James, a big, raw-boned youngster, for this season. And he knew all along that with fair support Tyler and Rudolph were fine pitchers. And to help these out he had Strand, Crucher, Davis, and others who lacked only experience—but who were good enough to hold their own at least in cases of emergency.

Outsiders ridiculed Schmidt at first base, but Stallings maintained, even when Schmidt was playing bad ball, that

## Collier's

All-American  
Team

Will be Selected by

GRANTLAND RICE

America's Foremost  
Baseball Authority

In Next Week's Issue





**"You look good enough to be president of the company!"**

This young wife is proud. She is also ambitious. She wants her man to forge ahead. She is keenly critical of his personal appearance. Combined with this is her woman's natural sense of economy. Her enthusiasm and admiration for her husband's Styleplus suit and overcoat *prove* his own good judgment in buying them.



**Styleplus \$17**  
**Clothes**

"The same price the world over."

Thousands of wives all over this broad land have given the seal of their approval to Styleplus—the New Kind of Clothes for all men, for all occasions! Never before have such genuine all-wool, perfect-fitting, long-wearing clothes been offered at the *one* moderate price—\$17. Result—men who used to pay \$20 to \$25, and even more, for their clothes now buy Styleplus and

**Save \$3 to \$8!**

This combination of extraordinary values and extraordinary price is exclusive to us because we are *specialists* in this one suit and overcoat. Our scientific methods and the vast scale of our manufacture mean *your* economy! Visit the ONE Styleplus Store in your town and be astonished!

Style—all wool fabrics—perfect fit—expert workmanship—guaranteed wear.

Every Genuine Styleplus has our Label in the Coat, our Ticket on the Sleeve, and our Guarantee in the Pocket. Send for our book: "Clothes For All Men, For All Occasions."

**HENRY SONNEBORN & CO.**  
Founded 1849  
Baltimore, Md.

he had the man he wanted. Schmidt has batted over .280 for the season and has fielded steadily, if without any great brilliance. He saw that Deal was not quite ready at third, so he landed Red Smith. But all this time it was Stallings's keen judgment that was marking the weak spots. He got Cather and Whitted from St. Louis to help his secondary strength, and he was planning these changes when his club was still last. The most remarkable feature of the Boston campaign is the fact that Stallings had achieved this miracle with a club consisting in the main of cast-offs from other organizations. Gowdy, Rudolph, and Devore had all been turned adrift by the Giants. Murphy had fired Evers. Brooklyn had given up Red Smith in disgust. St. Louis gladly parted with Cather and Whitted. Cincinnati released Moran. Another unique feature was the way Stallings handled his outfield. He had but one regular on the job. This was Connolly in left—a .300 hitter and a fine ball player. The two other fields were covered in turn by Mann, Gilbert, Moran, Devore, Cather, and others. Each would play for a day or two, only to drop out and let some other take his place. It was certainly no all-star outfield—and yet, what is more to the point, it delivered its share of the goods.

#### The Two Main Reasons

THE miracle of the Braves is answered in the main by two vital factors—the genius and courage of Stallings, as related before, and the finest defense in the game.

Boston reached the top in 1914 just as Fielder Jones did in 1906—with no great attack, but with a defense almost impregnable. Boston's batting average all the year has been below .250. Her runners have stolen fewer bases than any other rival. Her attack has never been powerful or consistent. But attached to wonderful pitching was wonderful fielding—and all of it at its best in the pinch. The Braves made few errors when an error counted. They had the faculty of rising to meet the occasion—whether it needed wonderful pitching, a wonderful stop or a double by Hank Gowdy down the left field line. And Gowdy, another Giant cast-off, furnished his share of these telling, timely blows. And if one man fell down, some one else took his place.

Which recalls another remarkable feature of the Brave miracle. In the closing days of the stretch, when the leaders were supposed to be on the dizzy verge of "cracking under the strain," they ripped their way to ten victories in a row. And in eight of these ten victories they came from behind, centered their rugged assault upon one inning, and dashed on to victory. And in these ten straight contests at least seven different people played star rôles, Connolly alone breaking up two tight battles with lusty blows that cleaned the bases.

For this reason Stallings refused to pick out any one or two men as the main stars. "I have never had a club with finer team play," he said. "It was a case of work together and pull together. Each man was for the other fellow and the team—but not for himself. Each man contributed his share. And they all understood that what I said on the bench in a tight game didn't go after the game was over. So there was no sulking and no loafing. It was hustle, work, and fight—through every inning of every day of every week. It was the gamest fight I've ever seen a ball club make—and I've been in the game for thirty years. For this reason I'd rather not pick out any one or two stars. One or two stars or four or five stars or nine or ten stars could never have done what my club accomplished—unless they were all working together—which stars don't always do. It was a case of team play—of twenty-five or thirty men all pulling in the same direction without a quilter or a sulker or a loafer in the bunch."

Which was of all the more value in a year where so many on other clubs were defying discipline or loafing in the knowledge that another league was waiting to take them in.

#### Above Pennants

THE Braves have proved that no fight is hopeless where the contender is willing to rise up and give battle against whatever odds abound. They have proved that the one who refuses to quit is never out of the running, howsoever lagging be his start. They have proved that one can get there if he will just keep on the way and take the battle as it comes. Which, in the proving, is worth more than several pennants.



**New Short Vamp with Perforations—\$4**

**A**NOTHER exclusive Regal Style with the spice of daring novelty. This, the latest French pattern, is an advanced development of the short-vamp effect. The circular Black Calf vamp, the Black Cloth Top and the ornate perforations are strikingly new and "smart."

There are 100 Exclusive Regal Stores and 900 Accredited Regal Agents. Autumn Style Portfolio free.

Shoes Shipped by Parcels Post, prepaid, on receipt of Price.

**REGAL SHOE COMPANY**  
270 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

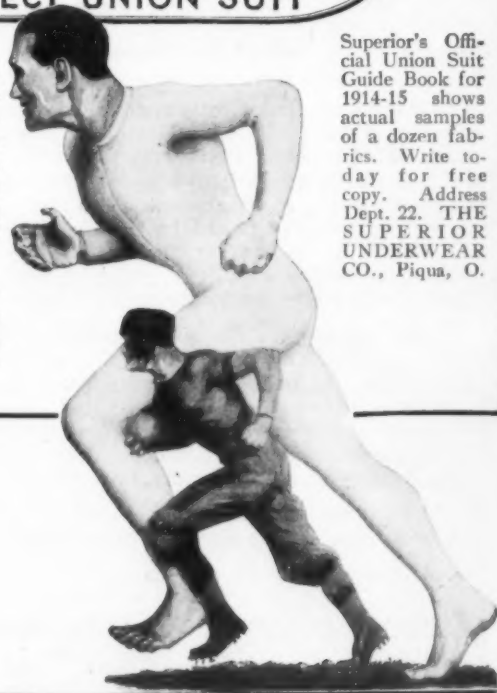
## Make an "end run" to Union Suit Comfort!

—"line up" against the discomforts of new-fangled or old-fashioned union suits—"kick off" those bunched-up shirts and sagging drawers—"hit the line hard" in the "active man's underwear" that fits snugly to every curve of the body, that permits free and easy action of muscle and mind.

**Superior**  
THE PERFECT UNION SUIT

For the Superior Locked Crotch can't gap in the seat, can't bind in the crotch. The Superior Buttonless Seat opens when you want it open, stays closed when you want it closed; always sets snug and smooth and adjusts itself instantly to every position.

Get in the Superior comfort game today. All weights all sizes at most haberdashers, men's clothing and department stores—\$1.50 to \$5.



Superior's Official Union Suit Guide Book for 1914-15 shows actual samples of a dozen fabrics. Write today for free copy. Address Dept. 22, THE SUPERIOR UNDERWEAR CO., Piqua, O.

**The Active Man's Underwear**

"Start your Berkey & Gay collection today"



## Many people start with one piece of Berkey & Gay Furniture

THE unobtrusiveness of good taste characterizes our productions. If you desire, you can begin with just one piece, and add others from time to time, confident that each piece you secure will add to the beauty of your home.

It is the liveableness of Berkey & Gay Furniture that helps make it popular. Added to that is the knowledge that no single design is made in great quantities—there is a sense of exclusiveness in possessing it. Yet the price is always within reason and within reach.

Acquaintance with the store handling Berkey & Gay Furniture in your locality is worth while. It is usually the best store in every city, and the Berkey & Gay agency speaks a store prepared to show the best examples of the furniture art. The following firms exemplify Berkey & Gay representation:

Marshall Field & Co., Chicago      Lammert Furniture Co., St. Louis  
Paine Furniture Co., Boston      W. & J. Sloane, San Francisco  
The Sterling & Welch Co., Cleveland      Frederick & Nelson, Seattle



This intaid mark of honor identifies to you each Berkey & Gay piece

### Berkey & Gay Furniture Co.

Factory, Executive Offices and Show Rooms  
190 Monroe Ave., Grand Rapids, Michigan

Eastern Offices and Show Rooms  
113-119 West 40th Street, New York

"Entertaining Your Guests"—a handsome booklet of novelty pieces, mailed free on request.



American



Red Cross

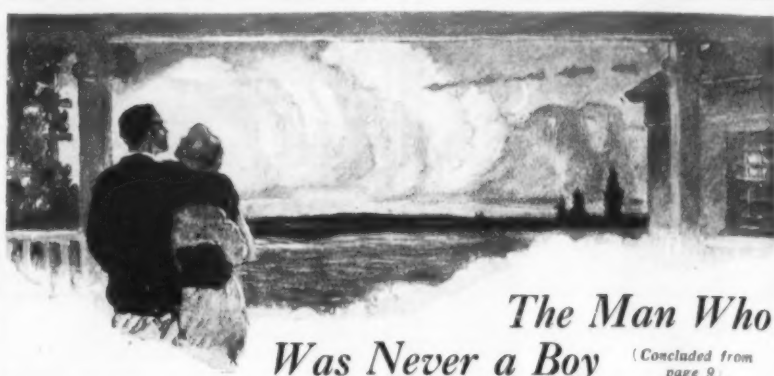
The American Red Cross appeals most earnestly to all of our people; to the governors of states, as presidents of the Red Cross state boards; to the Red Cross Chapters; to mayors of cities; to chambers of commerce; to boards of trade; and to all associations and individuals, for contributions to carry on this work. Contributions may be designated by the donors, if they so desire, for the aid of any special country, and will be used for the country designated; but assistance will be given to all, in the true spirit of the Red Cross represented by its motto "Neutrality—Humanity."

During our war with Spain thousands of dollars were sent by the European Red Cross Societies to the American Red Cross to aid in the care of our sick and wounded soldiers. Now, in the hour of their supreme need, the American Red Cross, both for the sake of humanity and to express our gratitude for their aid to us in the time of trouble and distress, has decided to charter a ship and send to each country involved doctors, nurses and hospital supplies.

Grieved as we may be over this terrible war, the agonizing cry of suffering men cannot appeal to us in vain.

Contributions may be sent to

JACOB H. SCHIFF, 130 East 22d Street, NEW YORK CITY  
or American Red Cross, Washington, D. C.



## The Man Who Was Never a Boy

(Concluded from page 9)

he fought a fierce battle. It seemed to him that so firmly had his heart taken root in the soil, that he could not tear himself away. He had grown to love the life he was leading with a love which amounted to a passion. To leave the freedom of the hills and fields! To bend all day over a stuffy desk! To eat lunch with a rushing and ravenous crowd! To ride in a racking subway or elevated! To exchange a kingdom for a galley!

Yet she was the wife of his heart. Bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh.

The April days were upon them—days full of pale blossom and of singing birds—days when from barnyard and lane, from hill and from pasture came the call of young things and the answering mother calls.

Yet Primrose, busy with the garden beds and with her poultry, had no color in her cheeks. Then came May, the wonder month, with dogwood, pink and white on the hillsides, and all the woods full of wild flowers. And now they had been a year on the farm.

"Have you been happy, Primrose?"

"Of course—dear boy."

It was a few days later that she said to her husband: "Do you think I could go to town for a few days, Barry? I could shop a little and see my friends."

The change in his face startled her, so that she asked, flushing: "Don't you want me to go, Barry?"

He went to the back of her chair, and bending over, he kissed her. When he raised his head he did not meet her eyes.

"Of course I want you to go," he said heavily, "but don't stay too long, Prim—"

While she was gone he faced the inevitable. He must take her back to town. By all the signs his love had read he knew that what Mary had said was true.

On the day before her return, he went up into the wooded hills. Over his head the tall pines whispered and sang, their plumes all silver where the sunlight sifted in. A carpet of brown needles was under his feet. The long thoughts of boyhood had come late for him, but the dreams of the past year had been almost youthful in their hope and happiness. He had spent hours among the pines, steeping himself in the silence—and in the city there would be the click of typewriters, the scream of whistles, the roar of traffic. Yet his world had carried no message of peace or of fulfillment to Prim. She had seen only the loneliness of the wide spaces.

Primrose came back from town with her eyes shining and her little bag full of parcels. "The rest will come by post," she said, "and now, how do you like my hat, Barry?"

It was a lovely hat with the sign and seal upon it of an exclusive shop. And Primrose's coat, too, was lovely, in its soft fullness and silke sheen.

"Maybe I was a bit extravagant," she told him, "but some of it was my poultry money—and it isn't every day that I can go to the city—"

Yet going to the city had made this change in her, that he heard her singing as she went upstairs, and heard her again singing when he came in for supper. And it had been months since she had sung.

Looking ahead, he could see that after the brief excitement of her visit had worn off, he should see her again wan

and wistful. If it was this that the city could do for her, she should go back.

That night as they sat side by side on their wide porch which faced the West, he told her of his decision to give up the farm.

There was a young moon low over the hills, and the rose of the sunset had not faded—through the trees they could catch one shining glimpse of the river.

PRIMROSE, who had been lying with her head against his arm, sat up and looked at him.

"But Barry, why?"

"Well, while you've been away, I've been thinking. I want you to be happy, Prim."

"What makes you think I'm not—happy?"

"You know, without my telling you," he said quietly, "You've lost your brightness and gayety, and all because of my selfishness. Don't think I am blaming you, dear heart. You know that my queen can do no wrong."

When out of a long silence she spoke; it was like the voice of a happy bird, trilling in the dark.

"Barry, dear, I went to see Mary Pritchard while I was in town. She

lives in an apartment near the Drive—a little three-room apartment, and she cooks in a kitchenette. And her husband lives in the office, and she lives on the street and in the shops. And they really haven't any home. That's what it means to be poor in New York. And that's the way you and I would have to live if we went there."

"I had been hating it here, and the morning that Mary drove away I cried and cried. And when you came back you asked me if I was happy, and I said 'yes.' And all the time I was envying Mary because

she was going back—"

"But now I don't envy her. Oh, Barry, it just seemed as if I couldn't get home quick enough. I wanted to be sure that the sheep and the lambs and the cows and the calves and even my fussy hens were real. I wanted to see my old cat sprawling on the hearth—I wanted all the live and lovely things—and the woods and the garden—and you, coming in at night—with all the world shut away from us—"

"And if we were in town, Barry, we could never shut the world away, it would always be roaring around us, and glaring in our eyes, and drawing you downtown on subways and elevated, and pulling me to shops, and— But that wasn't the worst of it. In every stuffy street, I seemed to see you as a little boy—yet never with a boy's good time. And now you are having your good time, and after this—oh, Barry, I want to be a girl with you. We'll do all the lovely young things—shall we—Barry—?"

She was laughing a little and crying as she clung to him, but all he could do was to hold her tightly, and say over and over again, huskily: "Prim, Prim—"

And it was thus that the man Barry came into his heritage of boyhood.

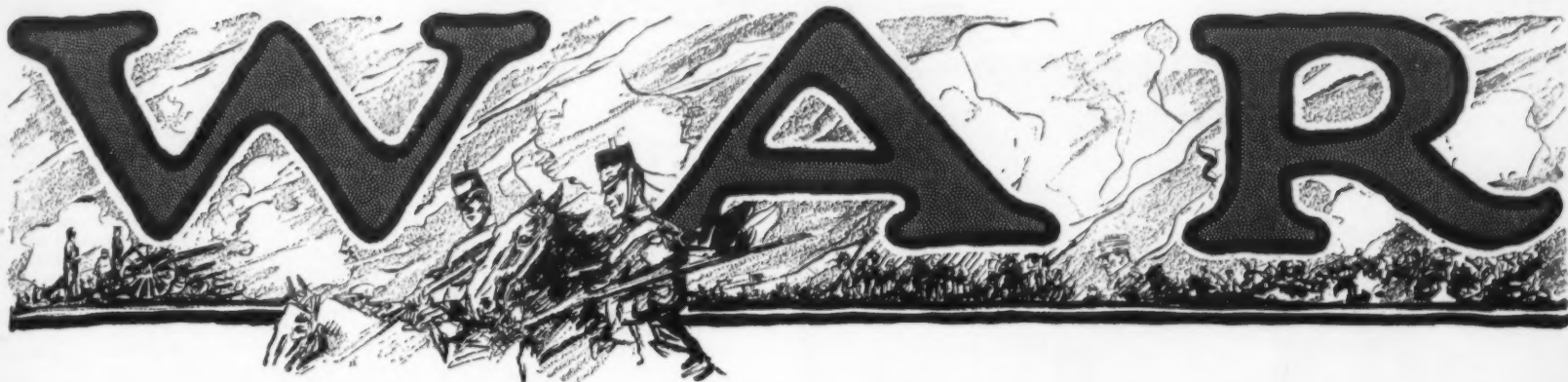
As he went forth that night on his customary rounds to see that all was safe, his heart sang. Together he and Primrose would listen to the wind in the pines; together they would roam the fields and hills; together they would fish in the streams. Together they would think long thoughts and have their dreams—please God, he should have at last all the dreams which belong to a boy.

## Henry Reuter Dahl

Is Now in England  
Preparing an  
Illustrated Article  
on the  
German-English  
Sea-Fight  
off Helgoland for  
an Early Issue of

Collier's





Who are the Slavs?  
(p. 228, Vol. XXV, Encyc. Brit.)

What led to militarism in Germany?  
(p. 621, Vol. II, Encyc. Brit.)

What is the difference in English, German and French methods of using machine guns?  
(p. 248, Vol. XVII, Encyc. Brit.)

What does neutrality mean in war time?  
(p. 441, Vol. XIX, Encyc. Brit.)

What nations guaranteed the perpetual neutrality of Luxemburg?  
(p. 11, Vol. XXI, Encyc. Brit.)

What constitutes a declaration of war?  
(p. 316, Vol. XXVIII, Encyc. Brit.)

How are the terms of a treaty or an international award enforced?  
(p. 327, Vol. II, Encyc. Brit.)

How do laws of war as applied in civil conflict differ in case of rebels?  
(p. 312, Vol. XXVIII, Encyc. Brit.)

Do you know what the flag of one nation placed above another in war time means?  
(p. 462, Vol. X, Encyc. Brit.)

WHEN the daily news raises questions like these, do you know where to find the answers? Such information is necessary to an intelligent understanding of the present conflict in Europe. What you read in the newspapers is, indeed, the "news of the day"—episodes and events which are merely the *surface effect* of complex political and social conditions.

To grasp the full meaning of the war, you must understand something of the causes leading up to it. And if you would figure out the possibilities and probabilities, you should be acquainted with different methods of warfare, the relative strength of armies and navies, strategy and tactics, rules of war, and so on.

All this information is to be found in the new Encyclopaedia Britannica, the most complete source of up-to-date information ever published. Turn, for instance, to the volumes indicated, and you will find the answers to the questions at the top of this page.

You can follow every move in the vast area of military operations if you refer to the new Britannica. Its military articles, signed by recognized authorities, cover every phase of the art of war as war is waged today. The maps will show you the progress of the opposing armies.

Then, there are comprehensive articles on all the European peoples, as well as on all the cities, on every town and important village, on lakes, rivers, mountains, canals and fortified places. No other book, no collection of 500 separate volumes, covers so much ground.

## What the New Britannica contains on warfare and the history of nations is only a small portion

of the contents of this great library of universal knowledge. Every subject relating to human thought and progress is discussed in a comprehensive and interesting way.

History, geography, biography, religion, science and invention, manufacture and commerce, art and literature, are covered with equal fidelity. The Britannica is not merely a book of facts, but of *complete information*. It is written in a style both instructive and interesting.

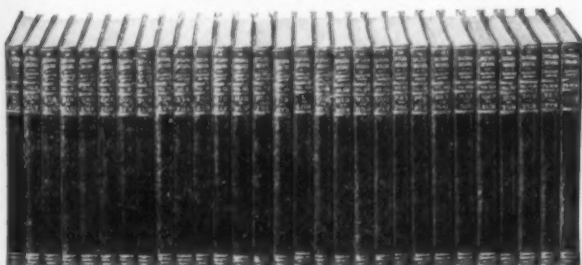
Every intelligent man and woman is confronted daily with questions that

ought to be answered—questions that *would be answered*, if one knew where to find the facts. You will find the answers in the new Britannica. Not only is this work the standard authority upon many subjects, but a book for all kinds of persons. It gives the facts so that the high school boy or girl can understand them as readily as the college professor.

Possession of the Britannica means increased knowledge, increased capacity, increased ability. Consequently, its purchase is an investment. And any one of moderate means can afford it. The

entire twenty-nine volumes—consisting of 44,000,000 words of text and more than 15,000 illustrations, plates and maps—will be delivered upon a first payment of \$5. You pay the remainder in small monthly amounts.

Do you not desire to know more about this book—written and edited by 1,500 of the world's leading specialists? Just tear off the coupon in the corner, fill it out and send it in. This will bring you FREE the illustrated book describing fully what the new Britannica is and the terms of purchase.



THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA—11th EDITION  
Printed on genuine India paper—28,150 pages in 29 magnificent volumes,  
each only an inch thick

Tear out the coupon and send it to us now—don't miss this chance.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA  
120 W. 32d St., New York


Col. 1

Please send me your booklet describing the 11th Edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica and easy terms of payment.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



**Edison's First Lamp 1879**

**35 years ago**

October 21, 1879, Thomas A. Edison gave to the world one of the greatest conveniences of modern life—the incandescent electric light.

So October 21st has been named Edison Day as the most appropriate date upon which to pay homage to the genius of America's great inventor. We can all celebrate the day in a practical way by making our homes lighter and brighter with

**More light, Better Light, Cheaper Light**

EDISON MAZDA Lamps give from 3 to 6 times as much light as old-style incandescent lamps without using any more electricity. Get the full benefit of this great economy by putting EDISON MAZDAS in every room—whether the light is on constantly or only occasionally.

EDISON MAZDA Lamps have made electric light so cheap that everyone can afford it. If your house is not yet wired—EDISON DAY is a good time to modernize and economize. Your "lighting man" or electrical dealer will tell you how little the trouble and expense will be.

**October 21 Edison Day**

**EDISON LAMP WORKS**  
OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY  
General Sales Office, Harrison, N.J. Agencies Everywhere

**EDISON MAZDA LAMPS**

*Buy Edison Mazda Lamps*

## Just Fifteen Minutes at Bedtime



**JUST  
15 MINUTES  
AT BEDTIME**

What books? The answer is contained in the free booklet mentioned below; it is the most valuable booklet ever written for the man who wants advice on what or how to read. It contains the story of

### THE FAMOUS FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

*Now Yours for Only a Few Cents a Day*

One hundred thousand business men are using the pleasant, helpful reading courses therein laid out. They are reading the great histories, seeing the great plays, hearing the great orations, meeting the great men of history.

#### A FREE BOOKLET FOR YOU

We want to send you by mail a "Guide Booklet to Books," absolutely free.

It is the most valuable little booklet of its kind ever written; it shows how to select a library without waste or worry, what books are worth while, what are not. It contains the best advice to you of the greatest educator of his day on just what and how to read for success.

The booklet was printed to give away; your copy is wrapped up and ready to mail; no obligation; merely ask for it. A postal card will bring it.

P. F. COLLIER & SON, 410 West 13th Street, New York  
Publishers of Good Books

## A Lear of the Tenements

(Continued from page 10)

down to look at it. Padron Cipella sat in his house alone. No one dared go to him. His agony was like the rage of a bear whose wound is not mortal. The winter came on relentlessly, cold winds and pitiless rains. Padron Cipella made his own porridge of black beans and sat shivering by his scanty fire. One day he went out and got the piece of his old boat that had been washed up by the tide and he burned that and warmed himself by it. A letter from Alfio came, sending him a little money and telling him that Filomena had reached America safely.

FILOMENA had met little trouble on her journey. She had Alfio's letter to show and a high heart of hope within her. She had left little to be regretted in Trezza. She played with the children and comforted the mothers, giving them of her own courage. She advised them wisely, for what Alfio had said who could question? And it all fell out as Alfio had said it would. She was given a card with a number on it, a man looked in her eyes and wrote something on a paper; she was sent with a group of chattering, questioning women from one department to another and she scolded them all volubly and laughed at their fears. Was it not altogether as Alfio had said it would be? A woman gave her a paper bag with two sandwiches and a red apple in it, and she was looking for a place where she could sit down and eat when she saw Alfio.

Such a grand Alfio! Filomena was almost afraid of him and held her breath lest it should prove to be only a glorified vision of Alfio, but he was not too grand to take his little sister in his arms and kiss her tenderly. They went into the long room where the immigrants wait for the ferry, and Filomena laughed and wept and ate the two sandwiches and the red apple and some little cakes Alfio had brought to her. Alfio showed her two big bundles he had brought and made her guess what was in them; but, of course, she couldn't, though she tried ever so hard. Alfio cut the strings and showed her a long coat, long enough to cover her all up, and then a hat—surely the most wonderful hat in the world! Alfio had been watching that hat in the shop window. He saw it first in all its glory of the first price, \$4.98. He saw it when the sign read: "Any Hat in This Window \$3." He saw it marked down to \$2.74; and then, one morning as he went by on his way to his barber shop, he spelled out in his much-loved, newly acquired English a desperate announcement: "Any Hat in This Window \$2." So there it was, red roses and all, for Filomena to wear into the New World.

ALFIO took his sister to a tiny flat over his barber shop, five rooms, of which only three were furnished. They would get things gradually, Alfio said, and Filomena was glad to have it so. She loved the planning and the interest of acquisition. There were some flowers on the table in the kitchen. Filomena exclaimed over them and buried her face in them while Alfio explained. Franco

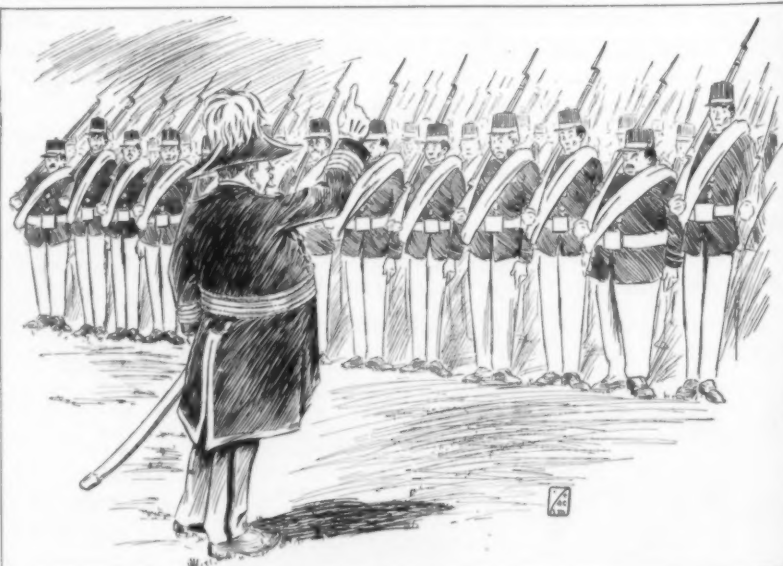
Franco, he said, was a florist and his friend. Franco had come to America long ago and had had advantage of the wonderful public schools. "It is better to come when one is young," said Alfio, quite as though he regretted not having made the venture while he was a child. Franco had sent these flowers as a welcome to Alfio's sister. Filomena buried her face in the roses again and touched the little charm that hung under her dress. And yet there are people who say they don't believe in fortune tellers!

Franco Franco came to see them that evening, and so did La Longa Crozi and little Maria Crozi. Franco brought some more flowers, and Filomena, who had never been happy before in her life, melted into tears over them and glowed and blushed so sweetly that Franco, who was rather a grave, quiet young man, was quite bewildered and found it very pleasant to make Alfio's sister so happy. La Longa Crozi, who was the tall mother of little Maria Crozi, was very well pleased when she saw this. She had not been pleased when she learned that Alfio's sister was coming, for Alfio, who was enamored of all American customs, had swept the matter of dowry aside when his fancy fell upon Maria, which was a matter of great satisfaction to La Longa. When La Longa saw that Filomena was gentle and charming and that Franco Franco evidently thought so, she quite purred over Filomena. They all thought La Longa very kind, and she experienced the double satisfaction of getting her own way and having everyone say how good she was while she was doing it. La Longa was a good soul, but she had met poverty and feared it and she loved her daughter. She talked too much, that was her trouble.

FILOMENA was very much pleased when she learned that La Longa had known her mother long ago when they were both girls. La Longa told her all sorts of little things they used to do, but there was one thing La Longa never told anyone, and that was how Padron Cipella hated her because she had told Mariucca he looked like one of the gargoyles on the corner of the post office at Trezza. Padron Cipella had never forgiven that!

It was not long before Franco Franco told Alfio he would like to marry Filomena, and then they were all very happy until a letter came from Zio Franco telling them that Padron Cipella had started for America. Mari Marino, Zio Franco wrote, had inherited a little money from an uncle and had bought Padron Cipella's little house with all the furniture in it. It was a great pity there was no boat to be sold also; no one felt that more than Padron Cipella. Alfio was instructed to meet his father at Ellis Island. They couldn't be glad. Filomena had planned a little feast to celebrate the two betrothals, but it was not so gay as they wished it to be, for a brooding fear hung over them. Only Alfio seemed to put it aside. Alfio was flushed with success and had grown confident.

Through the long winter days and



**General Bluffenhause:** "Men, my honor as a soldier is at stake, but fear not! I shall defend it with the last drop of your blood!"



nights Padron Cipella had brooded over his wrongs. He could not say "Come" nor "Go," for there was no one to do his bidding. They had all slipped beyond his reach. He was well pleased when Mari Marino came to see about buying the cottage. That gave him money enough to go to America, where he could deal with his disobedient children. He told himself that when he had found his children he would bring them to their senses and then he would be himself again. He almost thought that he would be young again.

He had a terrible moment when he applied for his "manifest," for the official

hesitated and he heard two men speak together, and he caught the words "sent back."

He knew what that meant, for was not Jacopo Mari sent back for nothing in the world but sore eyes? He protested with so much fury that they let him by at last, but the words came back to him and tormented him like pain after a blow. Now and then his confidence in himself was shaken by the fear that Alfio might not meet him as he had been directed. As the ship came near to Ellis Island he was half mad with fear and excitement and the longing to fall upon his rebellious children and beat them. He tried to push his way through the crowd at the landing, and one of the ship's officers struck at him with a long stick and forced him back. He snarled like a beast at bay. He hated the people with whom he had lived on the ship and they returned his dislike cordially. The children mocked at him and tormented him.

THE order maintained in grouping and ticketing the immigrants filled him with fury. A physician who looked into his eyes said afterward that he felt as though he were looking for trachoma in a wolf. He snarled the helpless snarl of a wolf that has lost its teeth. The same woman who had met Filomena gave him a paper bag with some bread and cheese and a banana in it. It seemed to him a long time before he saw Alfio.

Filomena and Alfio came together to meet him and he did not know them at first; but why should he when they were so finely dressed and so greatly changed? He looked at them and grasped the difference dumbly and he fought for his old, domineering tone.

"Thou hast kept me waiting," he said sharply. He sat on a low bench munching his bread and cheese. More than one person glanced at the strange, old figure.

"I am sorry," said Alfio simply, "but it couldn't be helped." Padron Cipella finished his bread and cheese and thrust the banana in his pocket. He rose and began sorting the bundles that lay on the floor beside him. Alfio took two of them, but shook his head when Padron Cipella would have given Filomena one.

"Here that is not the custom," said Alfio; but Filomena laughed and took a little one and went on ahead of them, so strong and confident and unafraid that her father looked after her and wondered. The memory of her own journey made Filomena speak to her father gently. She knew how he must have fretted over the conditions he had met. He did not seem to hear her. He followed them stolidly and his lips moved, although he made no sound.

"When we get home," he was saying to himself—"when we get home I will reckon with these disobedient ones." He was putting it off a little. He had meant to assume his old authority at once, but now he thought he would wait until they got home. He followed them until he saw Alfio going down into the bowels of the earth, then he paused and shook his head. Other men and women came and went and did not seem to be afraid, so

he went on, after a minute, and he saw Alfio standing by a gate where he bought tickets. Alfio had not noticed his hesitation. Alfio turned and gave him a direction with a motion of his head, his hands being occupied, and Padron Cipella obeyed as though he were used to taking orders, only his heart rebelled. The train rushed through the tunnel and he caught his breath and clenched his fists. Filomena saw him.

"E niente" (It is nothing), she said, but he did not seem to hear.

The door in the side of the car gaped wide. He saw it disappear before his eyes.

He was caught in the crowd and hurried out. He followed Alfio and Filomena up the stair. It seemed to him that he did nothing but follow. And the noise of the city smote him.

He staggered when he saw the great buildings and the crowds. He was a man who could not be even relatively comfortable where he did not dominate, and, though he understood it not at all, he hated the things he saw because they made him feel small. He could not understand his children and he hated them for that.

He knew his own name when he saw it in print, and he saw "Cipella" on the window of Alfio's shop, and it seemed magnificent to him.

They took him to a door at the side and led him up to the flat. Filomena showed him the room they had made ready for him. "Rest," she said kindly; "thou art so weary." She was so sorry for him that she was not afraid of him. He fell upon the bed, exhausted, and slept heavily. He slept a long time. Filomena came to tell him that dinner was ready. He rubbed his eyes and went with her into the kitchen, which was a strange place to him. There was no woodpile, no fireplace, no strings of braided peppers nor garlic dependent from the ceiling. There was a red cloth on the table; he saw meat and white bread and sugar and milk. He trembled as he saw.

"So this is how thou hast deceived and disobeyed! Did I not tell thee plainly what thou wert to do? I am defrauded by my son. It is well that I came!" "Come, come," said Alfio patiently. "In America it is not so. It is all different. Presently thou wilt understand. Sit down and we will eat," and Alfio crossed himself and sat at the table.

PADRON CIPELLA stood behind the chair they offered him. Although refreshed by his sleep, he still felt himself inadequate. "To-morrow," he said slowly—"to-morrow thou shalt give account to me," and then he cried furiously: "Is not a man the head of his family?"

"Not in America," said Alfio, unconscious of irony.

Filomena served her father cautiously, remembering more than one blow from his hand. He ignored her, but he watched Alfio with wonder that was touched by unbelief. He raised his right arm ominously. "It is yet strong to strike," he said. Alfio looked at his father, delaying a forkful of salad on its way to his mouth. "In America it is not permitted," he said. "If a man strike, the stricken one may tell the magistrate, who forbids." And Alfio ate his salad. "Here all are free," he said.

Padron Cipella did not feel free. He saw that Alfio was not afraid of him, and this convinced him more than any words of the truth of the inexplicable law. He sank into his chair and watched them. Filomena and Alfio spoke to one another, now and then, using an English word. He did not try to understand. His mind was terribly active in its little circle. He pushed back his plate and flashed his conclusion at Alfio.

"We will go back," he said. "We will go back to Trezza."

He went on, after a minute, and he saw Alfio standing by a gate where he bought tickets. Alfio had not noticed his hesitation. Alfio turned and gave him a direction with a motion of his head, his hands being occupied, and Padron Cipella obeyed as though he were used to taking orders, only his heart rebelled. The train rushed through the tunnel and he caught his breath and clenched his fists. Filomena saw him.

"E niente" (It is nothing), she said, but he did not seem to hear.

The door in the side of the car gaped wide. He saw it disappear before his eyes. He was caught in the crowd and hurried out. He followed Alfio and Filomena up the stair. It seemed to him that he did nothing but follow. And the noise of the city smote him. He staggered when he saw the great buildings and the crowds. He was a man who could not be even relatively comfortable where he did not dominate, and, though he understood it not at all, he hated the things he saw because they made him feel small. He could not understand his children and he hated them for that.

He knew his own name when he saw it in print, and he saw "Cipella" on the window of Alfio's shop, and it seemed magnificent to him.



Aunt—"What could be more sad than a man without a country?"  
Niece—"A country without a man"



## The "Bulldog"

A new idea of the greatest interest—this Gillette Safety Razor with stocky bulldog handle, extra weight, generous grip and fine balance. Brought out less than a month ago, and already creating more excitement and a quicker success than any new model since the first Gillette came out.

Contained in an oval case of Gray Antique Leather, with Blade Boxes to match, containing 12 double-edged Gillette Blades (24 shaving edges). With Triple Silver plated Razor, \$5.00; with Gold plated Razor, \$6.00. See it at your Gillette dealer's anywhere.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON

## Acousticon

Wonderful for the  
**Deaf**

Now every deaf person can learn by actual trial, without a cent's risk or a cent in advance, the remarkable superiority of the famous "Acousticon," the only hearing device that transmits sound in Nature's way, by the "Acousticon" exclusive patented Indirect Principle, the only electrical hearing device that is not a simple, unguaranteed microphone. Distinctly different from all others—a scientific instrument, GUARANTEED. The wonderful, scientific features of the "Acousticon" are protected by patents.

**FREE TRIAL** No Deposit  
We send an "Acousticon" at OUR risk—try it under all conditions 10 days. If it doesn't enable you to hear better than any other instrument and give you perfect satisfaction—clear hearing—simply return it. You lose nothing. No other instrument DARE openly compete with the famous "Acousticon" on its no money in advance plan. The "Acousticon" has nothing to hide.

**REMARKABLE PROOF** Magnifies sound 400 per cent—regulates to suit your individual needs. Cures all 40 degrees of deafness. Deafness grows worse if neglected. The "Acousticon" delicately exercises and vivifies the inactive muscles and membranes of the ear, checking the progress of deafness and increasing the degree. No difference how long you have been deaf or what caused it, unless you are "stone" deaf or were born deaf, the "Acousticon" will delight you. Only device legally GUARANTEED.

**EASY TERMS** Don't let cost prevent your seeing an "Acousticon"—our liberal payment plan makes it easy. Don't delay trying an "Acousticon" any longer—don't think it will fail you like other devices. Don't judge it till you try our remarkable free test.

**Write Now** for details of special no money down free trial offer—free Book, easy payment plan, and proof from Millions, Judges and hundreds of others.  
General Acoustic Co., 1330 Candler Bldg., New York City

## LISTERINE

Use it every day

A bottle of Listerine, the safe antiseptic, should be included among the traveler's toilet requisites. There is nothing like it as a mouth-wash—protects the teeth and sweetens the breath. It is soothing to the skin when used as a toilet wash after shaving.

Many other uses given in folder wrapped around the bottle. Don't risk using imitations—they may be unsafe.

All Druggists sell Listerine

Lambert Pharmacal Co.  
St. Louis, Mo.



## Danda Leather Key-Purse

With Your Name Stamped In Gold

25c By Mail | With Pocket 40c

Postpaid for Pen-Knife

Saves the clothing and prevents the keys from rusting. Made of strong leather with nickel key ring.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue of Danda leather goods and novelties.

DANDA LEATHER CO., 82 John St., New York



## LAW STUDY AT HOME BECOME AN LL.B.

Only recognized resident law school in U. S., conferring Degree of Bachelor of Laws—LL.B.—by correspondence. Only law school in U. S. conducting standard resident school and giving same instruction, by mail. Over 450 class-room lectures. Faculty of over 50 prominent lawyers. Guarantee to prepare graduates to pass bar examination. Only law school giving complete course in Oratory and Public Speaking. School highly endorsed and recommended by Gov. Officials, Business Men, Noted Lawyers and Students. Only institution of its kind in the world. Send today for Large Handsomely Illustrated Prospectus. Special courses for Business Men and Bankers. HAMILTON COLLEGE OF LAW, 454 Advertising Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



# Barrett Specification Roofs

**We had to photograph half the town to show the Barrett Specification Roofs on this plant!**

A mile of Barrett Specification Roofs! 750,000 square feet! And they probably won't cost another cent for twenty years! Sometimes such roofs last even thirty years!

You would suppose that such cost-free, care-free roofs were high-priced. Not at all. A Barrett Specification Roof is the *lowest priced permanent roof covering known*.

Then why doesn't everybody use them?

Well, almost everybody does who has a *big* roof. For the bigger the roof, the more careful the investigation of costs and service and the bigger the saving.

To architects, engineers and owners we say—Incorporate The Barrett Specification in full in your building plans.

It furnishes a standard and fair basis for competitive bids; it removes the temptation to "skin the job"; it insures the best roof at the lowest price.

A copy of The Barrett Specification will be mailed free on request.

**Special Note** We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

## BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati  
Pittsburgh Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Seattle  
THE PATTERSON MFG. CO., Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.



McClintic-Marshall Construction Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., Builders

## NEVERBIND Boston Garter



No RUBBER in Leg Band Real Year Round Comfort  
**NEVERBIND FITS** like your collar, hat or shoes. It can't choke your leg—always lifts on the sock just enough to keep it smooth.  
If you don't find it at your dealers we'll send sample pair, postpaid, for 25c, mercerized; 35c, double grip; 50c, silk.  
George Frost Co., Sole Makers, Boston, Mass.



### The Edge Stays Sharp

Here is a pocket knife that *does* stay sharp under the hardest tests. Blades are fine English crucible steel and the springs are always tight.

### KEEN KUTTER

pocket knives are guaranteed to make good and are sold with the understanding that the dealer will refund the price if they don't. This is true of every tool bearing the Keen Kutter trade mark. If not at your dealer's, write us.

Pocket Knife No. K3471 3 Blades Price \$1.00. SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY St. Louis U. S. A.

## Make Money In Your Own Business



Start a business of your own with Ten-Pinnet, the new automatic Bowling Alley. More fun than old-fashioned bowling. Everybody wants to play. Healthy! Thrilling! Alleys, 40 to 50 feet long. You can set them up in an afternoon. Good profits—small expense. No pin-boys. Only attendant needed is man to take in money. Easy to start—easy to pay—under our plan. Write NOW for easy plan—and letters showing the money others have made.

THE TEN-PINNET COMPANY, 4 Van Buren St., INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

**SUCCESS SHORTHAND TAUGHT BY MAIL** The best System for Beginners; a Post-graduate Course for Stenographers. Highest World's Records for Speed and Accuracy. A greater number of Court Reporters than all other systems combined in ten years. W. L. James, Chief Instructor. Write for free catalog.  
**SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL** Suite 710, Schiller Bldg., Chicago

## PATENTS

Our Hand Books on Patents, Trade-Marks, etc., sent free. Patents procured through Munn & Co. receive free notice in the Scientific American.  
**MUNN & CO., 363 Broadway, N. Y.** BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Something led him to glance at Filomena and he saw her smile. Her smile was a far stronger argument than Alfio's careful words.

"That would be foolish," said Alfio. "Here I make much money. Why should I go back to the poor fishing I never liked? I am going to be naturalized and be an American citizen."

It was his son who said to him: "I am going to do this." "I shall not do that." It was his daughter who smiled, if ever so slightly, when he told them his will. He brooded darkly. The odor of the food was appetizing and he was faint with hunger. He was refreshed as he ate.

Alfio went back to his shop and Filomena cleared the table. Her father sat and watched her. Everything she did was strange to him. She drew hot water from a pipe in the wall. It was steaming hot, and it made him afraid. She struck a match and lighted the gas. He watched her to see if she were not afraid, but Filomena did not seem to be afraid. The little place was wonderful to him. The dishes Filomena had chosen with so much care at the ten-cent store seemed to him like a service for a king's table. Filomena prolonged her tasks because she did not want to be still. She could not rest with her father's eyes burning upon her. Suddenly a bell rang sharply, and he started, wild with fear. Filomena smiled at him. "Niente," she said. She touched a little button in the wall. "That makes the door open," she explained. He heard some one coming up the stairs. He drew in his breath, alert to save himself from danger upon any side. He thought his children were resorting to black arts to escape him.

It was Maria and La Longa Crozi who came. La Longa greeted Padron Cipella with an assumption of ease she was very far from feeling. He glanced at her once only—a glance that made La Longa feel scorched. Maria faltered a word or two that no one seemed to hear and then sank back in a chair and smiled nervously whenever anyone looked at her. La Longa chattered foolishly. Filomena was glad to have her talk and answered with little interjections of assent and interest. They were all glad when the bell rang again and Franco Franco came. Franco greeted the old man respectfully and they all tried desperately to be gay. Alfio came up from the shop and

chattered with La Longa, but the point of every little jest seemed to be turned by the old man's simple presence. It was like trying to be unconscious of an animal with tooth and claw that might at any minute spring at one. Franco was usually a silent man, but now he vied with La Longa. He told stories and laughed more than was natural for him. La Longa was not wise at any time, but now she lost all discretion and soon told all their secrets. When she spoke of Filomena's betrothal, Franco felt as though two little holes were being burned into him by the old man's eyes. He turned at once to Padron Cipella with explanatory phrases.

He had waited only until now, he said, to ask this thing. He loved Filomena truly. He had a good business, as Alfio knew, and he asked for no dowry. Padron Cipella was very well pleased with this. Franco's deferential manner was balm to his wounded pride. He began to feel more like himself and was about to answer when La Longa's tongue began to run again. She really couldn't help it.

WAS not this a wonderful country, she asked Padron Cipella, where a maid's true worth was set above mere sold and bleached linen? What were a few gold pieces, once spent? For her part, although she had herself been well dowered, she was glad to give her daughter to a man who asked for nothing with her. Alfio and Franco, she felt, were wise above all other men.

Then Padron Cipella understood that both his children were betrothed without having asked his consent. The momentary respite of his soothed self-esteem served only to give him strength for greater fury. He pounded with his fists upon the table so the little ornaments there shook and the women shook also. "I forbid it!" roared Padron Cipella.

Maria melted into tears. Alfio laid a gentle hand upon her shoulder. "Weep not, little one," he said, and then he turned to his father. "In this country," he said, "everything is different. Presently thou wilt understand." Prosperity had convinced Alfio. He thought it would convince everyone.

THE one thing that Padron Cipella understood was that Alfio was not afraid of him. His old brain fought desperately. Everything was different, as Alfio had said. La Longa began to talk again.

## Statement Made in Compliance with the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., of COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY, published WEEKLY at New York, N. Y., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Note.—This statement is to be made in duplicate, both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office.

Editor—Mark Sullivan, 416 West 13th St., New York City.  
Managing Editor—Henry J. Forman, 416 West 13th St., New York City.  
Business Managers—E. C. Patterson, General Manager, 416 West 13th St., New York City; C. B. Kirkland, Assistant General Manager, 416 West 13th St., New York City.  
Publisher—P. F. Collier & Son, Inc., 416 West 13th St., New York City.  
Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock.)  
P. F. Collier & Son, Inc., 416 West 13th St., New York City.  
Stockholders—Robert J. Collier, 416 West 13th St., New York City; Sarah Stewart Collier, 752 Park Ave., New York City.  
Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities:  
Robert J. Collier, 416 West 13th St., New York City.  
(Signed) E. C. Patterson, General Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this seventeenth day of September, 1914.

[Seal]

Form 3526

Alphonsus B. Casey,

Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30, 1916.)



## Why Does No Pipe Taste as Good as It Smells?

It was several years ago that a smoker asked himself this question.

The dear old briar that he kept in his desk drawer scented it up with an aroma that was, to him, exquisite.

The plush-lined case where his meerschaum reposed, exhaled a rare, exotic odor that it had gathered from association with the pipe itself.

These things gave promise of a smoke of calm, soothing smoothness which was not always realized.

Then began the long baffling search for the right brand, buying strange new kinds of tobacco and making weird, personal blends—going back to the long green and smoking the uncured leaf with all its Gothic strength.

And then came the offer of Edgeworth tobacco, just as it now comes to you.

Edgeworth Tobacco has made many thousands of pipes taste as they promised to taste, as the owner always wanted them to taste and wondered why they didn't quite.

Edgeworth got its first distribution among smokers by that very method—one friend giving a specimen of it to another. So many men become regular users of Edgeworth in this way that we went into the friend business ourselves.

Will you let us be your friend to the extent of giving you a liberal sample package free?

All you have to do is to make up your mind to ask for it, send now or make a note to send us a postcard request and if you mention your tobacco dealer's name we will be mighty glad to back up our confidence in Edgeworth by sending you a free package for you to test out and see how you like it.

The original Edgeworth was a Plug Slice wrapped in gold foil and sold in a blue tin. Edgeworth now comes also in Ready-Rubbed that may be bought in 10c and 50c tins everywhere and in handsome \$1.00 humidifier packages. Edgeworth Plug Slice, 15c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Dealers in every locality sell Edgeworth, but if your dealer happens to have none we will fill orders by mail, prepaid.

Every package of Edgeworth, wherever bought, is unqualifiedly guaranteed.

Write to Larus & Brother Co., 3 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. This firm was established in 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes several other brands of smoking tobacco, including the well known Qboid—granulated plug—a great favorite with smokers for many years.

**To Retail Tobacco Merchants**—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Bro. Co. will gladly send you a one or two dozen carton, of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed, by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

## EVERYMAN'S CLOTH LIBRARY LEATHER 35c 70c

### World's Best Books at Low Prices

You have the masterpieces of literature, embracing practically all the better known classics—700 well-printed, uniformly bound books—to choose from in Everyman's Library.

Sold by Dealers or Direct by Mail. Examine an Everyman's volume at your book store. Note the wonderful book value for the money. Ask for a complete list of the 700 volumes. There's no better way to buy books than from Everyman's Library.

**Descriptive Booklet Sent Free**  
—A Dictionary Catalog of Everyman's sent for 10c. This cloth-bound book of 173 pages explains scope and extent of Everyman's Library, and gives historical notes on the various authors. A book in itself worth having.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., Dept. G 881 Fifth Avenue, New York

## Shirley President Suspenders 50¢

Comfort, freedom, style and service

"Satisfaction or money back"

Be sure "Shirley President" is on buckles  
The C. A. Edgerton Mfg. Co., Shirley, Mass.

## Binder for Collier's \$1.25 (Express Prepaid)

Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price.

ADDRESS COLLIER'S, 416 West 13th Street, New York

"Oh, yes," she chattered, "it is quite different; but we remember, do we not, Padron, how it used to be—" She appealed to him almost as though she thought he might answer her pleasantly. "We saw the parents first, did we not—in our courting days—in Almico, beyond Trezza—" She could not stop herself. Her tongue ran like a wheel going down hill without brakes. There was sure to be trouble soon. Franco Franco was not a nervous man, but he put out his hand now and moved one of the little ornaments on the table. He wanted to change something, to make everybody move. Filomena understood and she rose to bring in the little feast she had made ready, although it was early in the evening. She took away the little ornaments and laid a white cloth on the table. Franco helped her, following her about the room in a blind instinct of protection. Everyone tried to do something, but they could not stop La Longa.

"We remember, do we not, Padron?" she insisted. "I well recall Mariucca—"

PADRON CIPELLA raised his head and looked at her from under his shaggy brows. "I remember," he said slowly. "I remember."

La Longa had never meant to remind Padron Cipella she had known Mariucca. There had been passages in those days that did not make him like her very well. Filomena brought a dish of fruit—oranges and bananas, and grapes; she brought a dish of little cakes with highly colored frosting, and she gave everyone a little plate. Padron Cipella looked on these signs of plenty. He saw Alfio open a bottle of red wine. Wave after wave of anger swept over him, leaving him faint and dizzy. The mention of Almico had been like opening a door long closed, and his mind went from one thing to another that he found behind it. La Longa, thoroughly frightened now, chattered about the wine. How good it was! And the little glasses with pictures on them—how wonderful! She held up her glass to let the light shine through it and appealed to Franco. Was it not pretty?

"Yes," he replied gravely. "It is very pretty."

"And, oh!—the little cakes!" cried La Longa—"the good little cakes! And the pretty plates! Where did Filomena get those beautiful, small plates?"

NO one answered her. Franco's eyes were fixed on Filomena anxiously. La Longa's tongue ran on. Then Padron Cipella remembered.

"Thou art Maria Contelenti," he said, piercing her with his small, brilliant eyes. He interrupted her in the middle of a sentence, raising a trembling forefinger to transfix her. And "Yes," faltered La Longa.

Padron Cipella pushed back his chair and his great hand clutched the white cloth as he leaned forward. His voice rose in a sharp note.

"It shall not be!" he cried. "My son shall never wed thy daughter!"

Maria's sobs rose hysterically. La Longa was silent at last, as though paralyzed. Franco put his arm about Filomena. Alfio's patience was undiminished. He began to argue with his father.

"It is only that thou dost not understand," he said.

The last drop of blood seemed to sweep back from the old man's brain to rush on again in madness. He was utterly exhausted. He gathered all the life that was left in him for a last effort, and he rose and he roared like an angry bull and he fell upon the table where Filomena's poor little feast was spread. He swept the board with his once mighty arms, scattering ruin and destruction, and then he raised himself to wreck the room; but before he could strike again he fell forward upon the table, motionless, and his wild, old heart was still.

FILOMENA shrank into her lover's protecting arms, and there was no sound in the room except Maria's sobs until La Longa spoke. She looked at the figure lying amid the ruin it had wrought and she drew in her breath and shivered. "He was crazy," she said, and they all took up the comforting refrain.

"He was quite mad," said Franco Franco softly to Filomena.

"Yes, yes, I think there is no doubt about that," said Alfio.

And then, while Alfio and Franco and Filomena cared for their dead and Maria wept softly in her chair and watched them, La Longa bent above the ruins and picked out the least injured of the beautiful small plates Filomena had bought at the ten-cent store.



## Walks 100 Miles a Week

Here is an unsolicited letter which tells what a real walker thinks of Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels. Think of walking 100 miles every week—5200 miles in a year—that man ought to know something about shoes and heels.



The Higgins Leather Co.  
1107 Franklin Avenue



Foster Rubber Co.,

Saint Louis, Mo. July 24th, 1914

Gentlemen:—

Our attention was recently called to a remarkable test of Cat's Paw Heels and we thought possibly it might interest you. For some years past, Frank H. Kriege, a walker with more than a local reputation, has been wearing a heel of another make. This walker, "The O'Leary of the West", walks on an average of 100 miles per week, all through the year, weather conditions making no appreciable difference.

About one year ago he gave his shoemaker instructions to put on a certain kind of rubber heel. The shoemaker misunderstood or was out of that make of heel and placed a pair of "Cat's Paw" heels on his shoes. He concluded to give them a trial. He states that the heels wore so much longer than the other make that he will not now have any other heel attached but "Cat's Paw". For long, hard wear he says he has never had a heel that has given him the satisfaction that "Cat's Paw" have.

This is only another instance of the exceptional wear of "Cat's Paw" heels—in fact we do not know of a harder user of heels, and we thought his statement might be of interest to you.

We spoke to this party saying we would like to make this statement to you and he was perfectly agreeable, saying that the heels had given him such satisfaction, because of the Foster Friction Plug, which prevents slipping and superior wearing qualities, that he would be more than pleased to have us do so.

Very truly yours,

The Higgins Leather Co.

N. F. Higgins

WPH-R

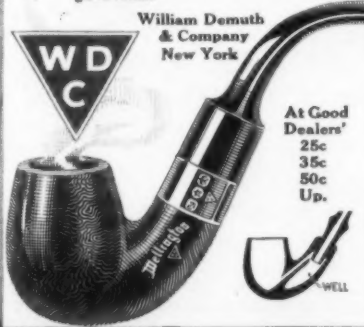
This experience is typical of millions who have found that Cat's Paw Heels make walking easier and safer. They make good because made right. Cost no more than ordinary kinds. 50 cents attached. All dealers everywhere.

Foster Rubber Co., 105 Federal St., Boston, Mass.



## Buy This Pipe

Ask for it at any good dealer's. It has the right pipe principle. No saliva can get to the bowl. The well takes care of that. Buy a Wellington and you for a cool, dry, clean smoke. The WDC triangle trademark means quality pipes—all genuine French briar, guaranteed against burning through or cracking. Look for the triangle on any pipe—it's the mark of good faith.



William Demuth & Company  
New York

At Good Dealers'  
25c  
35c  
50c  
Up.

**A Fortune to the Inventor**  
who reads and heads it, is the possible worth of the book we send for 6c; postage. Write us at once.  
B. S. & B. LACEY, Dept. 5, WASHINGTON, D. C.

## WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

Over 10,000 kinds and sizes made

There are  
Several Million Persons  
in the United States who are continually using  
**WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES**

This is due to  
Economy of Cost and Perfect Results

FOR SALE BY  
**DEALERS EVERYWHERE**

Send for illustrated literature telling about  
Whiting-Adams Brushes

Manufactured by  
**JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO.**  
BOSTON, U. S. A.

Brush Manufacturers for Over One Hundred Years  
and the Largest in the World



**STUDY A FOREIGN LANGUAGE!!!**  
Europe's War has created unlimited commercial opportunities for those who know Spanish, German, French or Italian. Better your position or increase your business. Learn a foreign language at home, easily, quickly, on your own talking machine. Lower the opportunity. Write for particulars. The Language Phone Method, 997 Potomac Bldg., 2nd Floor, N.Y.



## Make Your Mother Proud of You

Your mother expected big things of you. She knew that you had character, determination and ambition.

**ARE you making good? ARE you getting ahead the way she wanted you to? ARE you realizing YOUR OWN ambitions?**

Think it over! Is your future bright, or are you in a rut where promotion is a matter of years of waiting?

Resolve now to get ahead. Make up for lost time. You're never too old to learn. Find out how the International Correspondence Schools can help you to realize your ambitions.

### Get Ahead More Quickly

Success is merely a matter of training. To earn more, you must know more. Get the training that will qualify you for a better job. More than 1,000 men of all ages and in all circumstances get better jobs every month as a result of I. C. S. training, in spare-hour study. You can do the same.

### Mark the Coupon

#### INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 1198, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X:

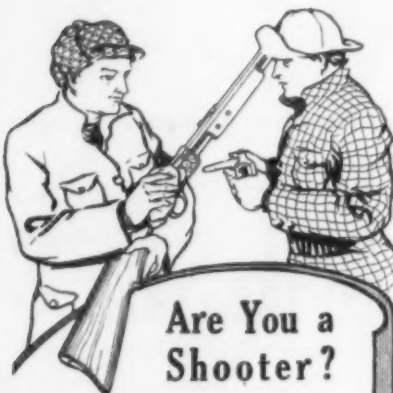
Salesmanship	Civil Service
Electrical Engineer	Bookkeeping
Elec. Lighting Supt.	Stenography & Typewriting
Telephone Expert	Window Trimming
Architect	Show Card Writing
Building Contractor	Lettering & Sign Painting
Architectural Draftsman	Advertising
Structural Engineer	Commercial Illustrating
Concrete Construction	Industrial Designing
Mechan. Engineer	Commercial Law
Mechanical Draftsman	Automobile Running
Civil Engineer	English Branches
Mine Superintendent	Poultry Farming
Stationary Engineer	Teacher
Plumbing & Steam Fitting	Agriculture
Gas Engines	Cooking
	Spanish
	French
	German

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Present Employer \_\_\_\_\_

Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## Are You a Shooter?

Then see that your outfit includes a plentiful supply of 3-in-One oil. Nothing like it to keep a gun in fine shooting condition. Oils lock, trigger, ejector and break-joint perfectly. Cleans the barrel of burned black powder residue. Prevents leading and pitting. Also keeps a fine polish on stock and fore-end.

### 3-in-One oil

contains no acid or grease. Never gums or dries out. All big gun makers use and recommend 3-in-One oil. Hardware, sporting goods, drug and general stores sell it. Three sizes: 1 oz. bottle, 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz., (1/2 pt.) 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans, 3 1/2 oz., 25c. If your dealer hasn't these cans, we will send you one by parcel post, full of good 3-in-One, for 30c.

**FREE**—Write for a generous free sample and the 3-in-One Dictionary.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.  
42 ANG. Broadway, New York

## The Monogrammed Vote

BY C. J. MANNING

COMES a judge of elections from the Second Ward, East St. Louis, and he deposes and says that A. D. Woods, colored, a candidate for Alderman, was defeated because scores of women, in voting for him, signed their names to the ballots, adding such personal notes as: "Oh, you Ad!" and "I hope you win."

It is just such instances as the one cited that prove the shortcomings of our election laws. It is just such instances that call attention to the fact that we are an educated people and should be allowed to use a bit of originality in voting.

It is conceded that the mere matter of making a cross in the square provided no longer demands the mental concentration nor the torture of soul our forefathers used when the Australian ballot first became fashionable. People of the present day are so advanced in penmanship that the cross can be made with no apparent anguish. The venerable gentleman who used to sick his tongue between his teeth, while he forced on himself the torture of drawing crosses in the squares, no longer comes to the polls.

It is the day of the erudite voter, of the woman voter. The times urge the sounding of a clarion call for ballot reform. It is time ballots were provided with wide margins, wherein voters can set down their sentiments in words or pictures without danger of loss of votes.

ADVANCED thinkers on this subject of ballot reform have considered earnestly the injustice done the McCutcheons of America by forcing them to adhere to crossed lines once they enter the voting booth. The world has lost a legion of laughs because a Fitch is denied the right to pen some "thoughts that throb" on his ballot.

The St. Louis election incident is but a straw that shows the way of the current. Sweet sympathy is going to have its day at the polls with the introduction of woman suffrage. It is well for election officials to be prepared.

Election teas have been established at the Chicago polls. Voting booths have fluttered gay colors. Though "Bathhouse" John Coughlin still holds his throne, election reform is on the way. The monogrammed vote should be the product of the immediate future.

With the monogrammed vote should come some thought as to the general ballot color scheme. There are many voters who would prefer an Alice blue, a Helen pink, or a neat polka-dot ballot to the plain white one now afforded. They should be able to choose their approved color from the ballot piles on the judges' table.

## A Serpent in Eden

Continued from page 18

there's nothing like having the decks cleared for a fresh start," he added cheerfully. "It will make me feel pretty comfortable inside, and, lordy, what a boost it will give me for the Legislature next fall," he concluded enthusiastically.

RHODA laid her hand bag on the desk and pushed it toward him. He waved it away. "No-no! That is going too far! I could not possibly use that, Rhoda. Thank Heaven, I do not need to use it."

"But I wanted you to. You have always talked about needing my help, and now when I— At any rate, we can use it toward the fresh start. We will have it— Jimmie—please!"

James B. regarded her stonily. "You thought I would have to be bribed that way," he accused. "You came in here intending to bribe me that way."

They faced each other, the man dominant and wrathful, the woman rejoicing in his dominance and his wrath. Then, as their glances met, her hands went to his shoulders and clung there. "It does not really matter!" she breathed. As his arms closed round her, nothing mattered.

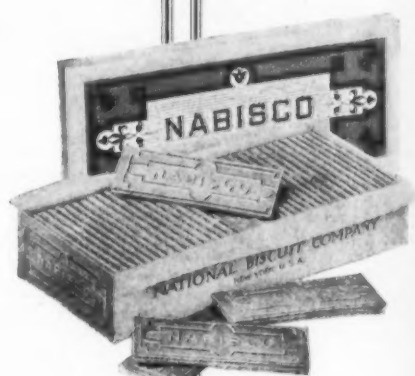
The wedding reception of Mr. and Mrs. James B. Barton was the most successful social function Sweet Valley has ever known. In reaction from the depression and cankering anxiety of the weeks that had gone before, everyone rejoiced in an excuse for light laughter and friendly intercourse. Release from the rage and hard feeling that had been an evil thrall led to an extreme of gay-

## NABISCO Sugar Wafers

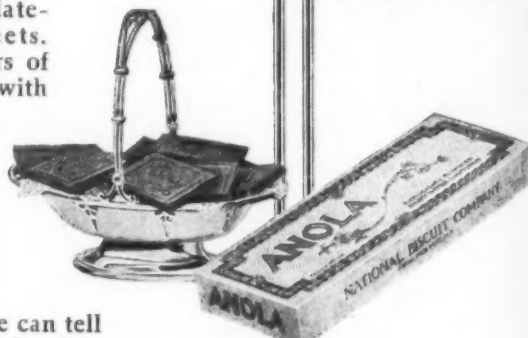
—entrancing sweets which are always and everywhere popular. Wafer confections centered with delicately flavored cream. The perfect accompaniment for every dessert. In ten-cent tins; also in twenty-five-cent tins.

## ANOLA

—a new conception in chocolate-flavored sweets. Exquisite wafers of crisped baking with chocolate-flavored cream nestling between. Anola has achieved a new delight which only taste can tell —a flavor which gives immediate pleasure. In ten-cent tins.



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



## A Balanced Dog Food

—a food that will keep the teeth in good condition, build bone and muscle and keep the dog with a smooth, glossy coat. That food is

### CHAMPION DOG BISCUIT

It is made of clean, sweet meat, cereals and flour perfectly cooked—no waste products used, no preservatives—it is for dogs of all sizes and all kinds.



Send for Sample and Free Booklet On receipt of 4c, we will send you sample, or you can get a regular size package at your druggist, sporting goods dealer or direct from us if no dealer in your town. Our illustrated booklet will be a help to you—yours on request—FREE.

Champion Animal Food Co.  
604 Minnesota St., St. Paul, Minn.



### Learn a Paying Profession

that assures you a good income and position for life. For twenty years we have successfully taught

### PHOTOGRAPHY

Photo-Engraving and Three-Color Work

Our graduates earn large salaries. We assist them to secure these positions. Learn how you can become successful. Terms easy—living inexpensive. Write for catalogue—NOW!

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY  
949 Wabash Avenue, Elmhurst, Illinois

## Here is a Wonderful Free Booklet About Your Children's Reading

It was printed to give away. There is a copy for every Collier reader who has children, absolutely free.

It contains the advice of the greatest teachers in America about your children's reading—priceless counsel for fathers and mothers who care. It tells the fascinating story of

### The 846 Junior Classics

selected by noted educators and arranged by Wm. Allen Neilson, Professor of English at Harvard University.

Out of all the stories and essays and poems in the world, 846 have been chosen by famous educators.

They are just the 846 that are best adapted to form character, make school work easier, insure success.

How these 846

Junior Classics were chosen, what they are, and how you may have them for your boy or girl is all told in this wonderful free booklet.

### This is the FREE Booklet

For your children's sake, send for this free booklet. It is free—given away—and it will be sent to you by mail with no obligation. Merely clip the coupon.



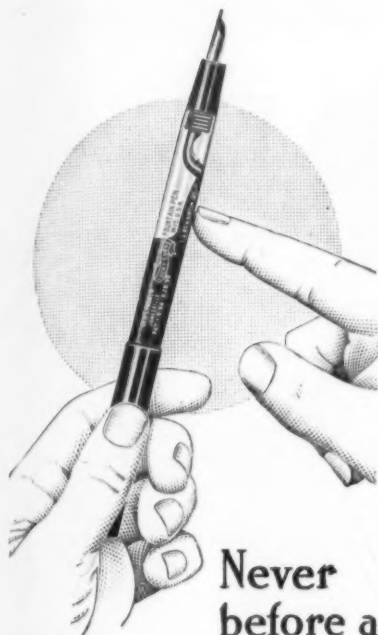
P. F. Collier & Son  
416 W. 13th St., New York City

Without any obligation whatever on my part, please send me the free booklet about my children's reading.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

No. and St. \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





## Never before a Fountain Pen like this

IT'S transparent. You look right through the heart of the pen and see its inner workings. Hold it up to the light and watch the ink chase down the barrel. See how the *Lucky Curve* Ink Feed drains back the ink and keeps pen from leaking. A new idea in fountain pens—for folks who like to "set the pace."—Geo. S. Parker

## PARKER LUCKY CURVE TRANSPARENT FOUNTAIN PEN

So testotally different from any other fountain pen that you'll warm up to it like a hungry man to a square meal. Get one of these new transparent pens now while it has the special charm of novelty and watch your neighbors take notice when you start using it. The transparent barrel tells you in advance when the pen needs refilling.

**Parker New Self-Filler** No outside projections or mechanism—no openings into barrel. "Press-the-button" and it fills in two seconds at any inkwell.

**Parker Jack Knife Safety** Can be carried in a man's pocket, lady's purse or handbag without danger of looking—a vice-like safety lock shuts back the ink.

Parker Pens—Standard, Self-Filling, Transparent, Jack Knife Safety—are made in over 200 styles. Fifteen thousand "five wire" devers sell them. If you can't locate a dealer write for illustrated catalog. PARKER PEN COMPANY, 98 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.

No. 48, Bide St., Lond. E. England. No. 25, Bredgade, Copenhagen, Denmark. Cairo, Egypt. New York Retail Store, Waldworth Bldg.

## Music Rolls Half Price

Enjoy these highest grade

player-piano rolls, famous for exquisite tone arrangement, at 50% less than regular list prices. Choice of over 2000 Popular, Classic and Operatic selections at next-to-cost prices (\$8 note only).

50c rolls 25c  
75c rolls 40c  
\$1.00 rolls 50c  
\$1.25 rolls 65c  
\$1.50 rolls 80c  
\$1.75 rolls 95c

Get our 88-page FREE CATALOG of money-saving offers NOW, and secure the best music rolls at practically half usual price.

Service and delivery exceptionally prompt.

B. D. Consumers Music Co. Station C. Buffalo, N. Y.



ety and good will. Ashamed and remorseful over having doubted James B.—their own James B.—the men could not shake his hand often enough or tell him what a fine fellow and great man and lucky dog he was loud enough; and the women, all smiles and shrill chatter, could not flutter around close enough or admiring enough. James B. bore it all modestly and decorously, his eyes straying frequently and rather wonderingly to the gracious gray-clad figure that so serenely dominated and directed.

Old Uncle Jim, who had a place of honor in the biggest armchair, laid a shaking hand on James B.'s arm. "My boy, I want to tell you that we are feeling kinder ashamed inside, some of us, and we ought to," he quavered. "Truth is we kinder doubted you, some of us, and said hard things about your getting us into something that was going to cost us dearer than we could stand. And then for you to come up like you did on your wedding night and take back all that stock for just what we paid for it—I tell you it makes us feel queer under our westcuts—yes, sir—and makes us feel proud and warm toward you—yes, sir—"

"Now that's all right, Uncle Jim," James B. answered in his deepest, kindest tones. "That's all right. Of course I'm not doing that sort of thing for anyone else—not expected to, you know—but to let you folks up here lose your savings and scrimpings in speculation would be like letting little hungry children be coaxed into throwing their bread and butter to swans and goldfishes—or sharks!—in an artificial pond."

LATER, when the Bendertown Band arrived, James B. and Rhoda went out to the edge of the lawn and stood in the weird, elfishly flickering glare of a big bonfire of pine knots. "Same pine knots?" Rhoda flashed a mocking question at her smiling best friend. James B. made a speech in which he repeated his reference to the valley as a second Garden of Eden. "As I stand here to-night I feel doubly sure of it," he asserted earnestly. "To one who is fresh from the marts of the money getters, where greed reigns, it is balm to the heart and sustaining and uplifting to the spirit to realize that there is one place where values are true and sane, and where kindness and goodness are held higher than stocks and bonds. Good and dear friends, I esteem myself a rich man to-night—rich beyond my deserts or a Wall Street dream. Though I may be poorer in mere money, I have the greater riches of the trust and regard of my fellowmen, and of a still higher trust that is so inestimably precious, so sacred, that man hesitates to speak lest his untrained lips profane what his heart worships."

By that time the serpent was well scotched. Sweet Valley shouted and applauded joyously; the band played the wedding march (so they claimed), and Billy Sutton ran home through the dark to kick over the kettle of tar.

## COLLIER'S The National Weekly

Vol. 54 Oct. 10, 1914 Number 4

P. F. COLLIER & SON, Incorporated, Publishers, 416 West Thirtieth Street, New York City

Robert J. Collier, President; E. C. Patterson, Vice President and General Manager; J. G. Jarrett, Treasurer; Charles E. Miner, Secretary; A. C. G. Hammesfahr, Manager Advertising Department

Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1914 by P. F. Collier & Son, Incorporated. Registered at Stationers' Hall, London, England, and copyright in Great Britain and the British Possessions, including Canada. LONDON: 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C. TORONTO, ONTARIO: 6-8 Colborne Street. PRICE: United States, Canada, Cuba, and Mexico, 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. Foreign, 10 cents a copy, \$3.80 a year

### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

Change of Address—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber



Business Men as President's Advisers.

When a financial advertiser tries out sixty publications and gives up the idea of finding "another Leslie's"—fails to discover another even half so productive as Leslie's—it is to some extent convincing that Leslie's is a profitable medium for a financial institution to use.

In a recent campaign to sell bonds, Leslie's produced one-third of the total inquiries and more than a third of the total sales.

This is typical of Leslie's as a salesman of stocks and bonds and all kinds of investment securities.

Leslie's readers are people who have money to invest. They are attracted to Leslie's by its financial news columns, the viewpoint of its editor, its pictorial news.

The belief of Leslie's editor in the up-building of legitimate "big business" and national prosperity appeals to substantial men.

The busy American business man—who hasn't time to read lengthy newspaper accounts—gets the news quickly from Leslie's in vivid pictures—such, for instance, as those of James H. Hare, the greatest of all war photographers, now in Europe for Leslie's.

We secure our subscribers by direct solicitation. And to encourage our salesmen to discriminate we offer our prizes not to our salesmen who secure the greatest number of subscribers to Leslie's—but to those who secure the greatest number who are rated in Dun's or Bradstreet's, men in the professions and men of affairs. This year the new subscribers to Leslie's with a rating average 1074 a week.

Leslie's guaranteed circulation of 350,000—95% net paid—with a pro rata refund for any shortage of the guarantee—running about 400,000 now—is superior to the average circulation. Yet it costs no more.

J. L. H. Hare  
General Manager

# Leslie's

Illustrated Weekly Newspaper

NEW YORK

Member Audit Bureau of Circulations



### Gasoline Pleasure Cars

Apperson Bros. Auto. Co.	Kokomo, Ind.
Benham Manufacturing Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Cadillac Motor Car Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Chalmers Motor Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Cole Motor Car Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Cunningham Son & Co., James	Rochester.
Dorris Motor Car Co.	St. Louis, Mo.
Elkhart Carriage & Harness Mfg. Co.	Elkhart, Ind.
Franklin Manufacturing Co., H. H.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Haynes Automobile Co.	Kokomo, Ind.
Hudson Motor Car Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Hupp Motor Car Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Kissel Motor Car Co.	Hartford, Wis.
Lexington-Howard Co.	Connersville, Ind.
Locomotive Co. of America	Bridgeport, Conn.
Lozier Motor Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Lyons Atlas Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Mitchell-Lewis Motor Co.	Racine, Wis.
Moline Automobile Co.	Moline, Ill.
Motor Car Manufacturing Company	Indianapolis, Ind.
Moyer, H. A.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Moon Motor Car Co.	St. Louis, Mo.
Nordyke & Marmon Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Olds Motor Works	Lansing, Mich.
Packard Motor Car Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Peerless Motor Car Co.	Cleveland, O.
Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co.	Buffalo, N. Y.
Pilot Motor Car Co.	Richmond, Ind.
Premier Motor Mfg. Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Pullman Motor Car Co.	York, Pa.
Reo Motor Car Co.	Lansing, Mich.
	St. Catharines, Ont.
Russell Motor Car Co.	West Toronto, Ont.
Simplex Automobile Co.	New York, N. Y.
Speedwell Motor Car Co.	Dayton, O.
Stanley Motor Carriage Co.	Newton, Mass.
Stearns Co., F. B.	Cleveland, O.
Studebaker Corporation	Detroit, Mich.
Stutz Motor Car Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Velie Motor Vehicle Co.	Moline, Ill.
Wayne Works	Richmond, Ind.
Willys-Overland Co.	Toledo, O.
Winton Motor Car Co.	Cleveland, O.

### Electric Pleasure Cars

Anderson Electric Car Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Buffalo Electric Vehicle Co.	Buffalo, N. Y.
Century Electric Car Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Chicago Electric Motor Car Co.	Chicago, Ill.
Ohio Electric Car Co.	Toledo, O.
Rauch & Lang Carriage Co.	Cleveland, O.
Waverly Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.

### Electric Commercial Cars

Anderson Electric Car Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Baker Motor Vehicle Co.	Cleveland, O.
Buffalo Electric Vehicle Co.	Buffalo, N. Y.
Commercial Truck Co. of America	Philadelphia, Pa.
General Vehicle Co.	Long Island City, N. Y.
Walker Vehicle Co.	Chicago, Ill.
Ward Motor Vehicle Co.	New York, N. Y.
Waverly Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.

## The Companies Timken Keeps

You who have read Timken advertisements realize how important to your safety, to low upkeep cost, to the long satisfactory use of your motor car it is to have good axles and bearings.

You have been urged to ask direct about the service Timken Bearings and axles are giving. To "talk with the man who rides on Timkens" anywhere and everywhere you find him. To "talk with the repair man" who knows all makes of cars and their parts.

In the Timken Primers, "On Bearings" and "On Axles," (sent free on request) you will read the reasons back of the good service Timken Bearings and Axles give.

The proof of the pudding is the eating. *Things* as well as men are known by the company they keep. And by their *place* in that company.

Here are named most of "the companies Timken keeps." All use Timken Roller Bearings or Timken-Detroit Axles or both, in part or throughout, in one or more of their models. A booklet list naming the Timken equipment and its location in each model will be sent with the primers.



THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY  
Canton, Ohio  
THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY  
Detroit, Mich.



### Gasoline Commercial Cars

Ahrens-Fox Fire Engine Co.	Cincinnati.
American & British Mfg. Co.	Providence.
American-La France Fire Engine Co.	Elmira, N. Y.
Anderson Coupling & Fire Supply Co.	Kansas City, Kan.
Atterbury Motor Car Co.	Buffalo, N. Y.
Autocar Co.	Ardmore, Pa.
Available Truck Co.	Chicago, Ill.
Avery Co.	Peoria, Ill.
Bessemer Motor Truck Co.	Grove City, Pa.
Blair Mfg. Co.	Newark, O.
Bowling Green Motor Co.	Bowling Green, O.
Chase Motor Truck Co.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Croce Automobile Co.	Asbury Park, N. J.
Cunningham Son & Co., James	Rochester.
Detroit-Wyandotte Motor Co.	Wyandotte, Mich.
Diamond T Motor Car Co.	Chicago, Ill.
Dorris Motor Car Co.	St. Louis, Mo.
Federal Motor Truck Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Garford Co.	Elyria, O.
General Motors Truck Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Gramm-Bernstein Co.	Lima, O.
Gramm Motor Truck Co.	Lima, O.
Gramm Motor Truck Co. of Canada	Walkerville, Ont.
Hahn Motor Truck & Wagon Co., Inc.	Hanburg, Pa.
Hupp Motor Car Co.	Detroit, Mich.
International Motor Co.	New York, N. Y.
Jeffery Co., Thomas B.	Kenosha, Wis.
Kelley-Springfield Motor Truck Co.	Springfield, O.
Kissel Motor Car Co.	Hartford, Wis.
Kleiber & Co.	San Francisco, Cal.
Krebs Commercial Car Co.	Clyde, O.
Lippard-Stewart Motor Car Co.	Buffalo.
Locomotive Co. of America	Bridgeport, Conn.
"Maccar" Truck Co.	Scranton, Pa.
Mais Motor Truck Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Marin Carriage Works	York, Pa.
Mogul Motor Truck Co.	St. Louis, Mo.
Moreland Motor Truck Co.	Los Angeles.
Nelson & LeMoon	Chicago, Ill.
Nott Fire Engine Co.	St. Paul, Minn.
Pacific Metal Products Co.	Los Angeles.
Packard Motor Car Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Palmer Meyer Motor Car Co.	St. Louis.
Peerless Motor Car Co.	Cleveland, O.
Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co.	Buffalo, N. Y.
Reo Motor Truck Co.	Lansing, Mich.
Robinson Fire App. Mfg. Co.	St. Louis.
Robinson Motor Truck Co.	Minneapolis.
Sandow Truck Co.	Chicago, Ill.
Signal Motor Truck Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Sanford Motor Truck Co.	Syracuse, N. Y.
Schacht Motor Car Co. of Canada	Hamilton, Ont.
Seagrave Co.	Columbus, O.
Service Motor Car Co.	Wabash, Ind.
Stanley Motor Carriage Co.	Newton, Mass.
Stegeman Motor Car Co.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Shaw Livery Co., Walden W.	Chicago.
Speedwell Motor Car Co.	Dayton, O.
Standard Motor Truck Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Sternberg Mfg. Co.	Milwaukee, Wis.
Stewart Motor Corporation	Buffalo, N. Y.
Studebaker Corporation	Detroit, Mich.
U. S. Motor Truck Co.	Cincinnati, O.
Universal Motor Truck Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Velie Motor Vehicle Co.	Moline, Ill.
Wagenhals Motor Car Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Wichita Falls Motor Co.	Wichita Falls, Tex.
Wilcox Motor Co., H. E.	Minneapolis.



# The Autographic



## KODAK

*You can now date and title your negatives, permanently, and almost instantly at the time you make them.*

EVERY negative that is worth making is worth a date and title. The places you visit—interesting dates and facts about the children, their age at the time the pictures were made—the autographs of friends you photograph—these notations add to the value of every picture you make. Architects, engineers and contractors who make photographic records of progressive work, can add greatly to their value by adding notes and dates permanently on the *negatives* by means of the Autographic Kodak. The amateur photographer who wants to improve the quality of his work can make notations on his negatives, of the light conditions, stop and exposure.

Just release a stop and a little door opens in the back of the Kodak; write whatever notation you want, on the red paper of the Autographic Film Cartridge with a pencil or stylus; expose from 2 to 5 seconds; close the door and you are ready for the next exposure. On the margins between the negatives will appear a permanent photographic reproduction of the notation you made. It is not a part of the Autographic plan to have this writing appear in the print itself, but simply that it be kept as a record of date and title on the negative. It is obvious, however, that it is no trouble to include it on the print when desired.

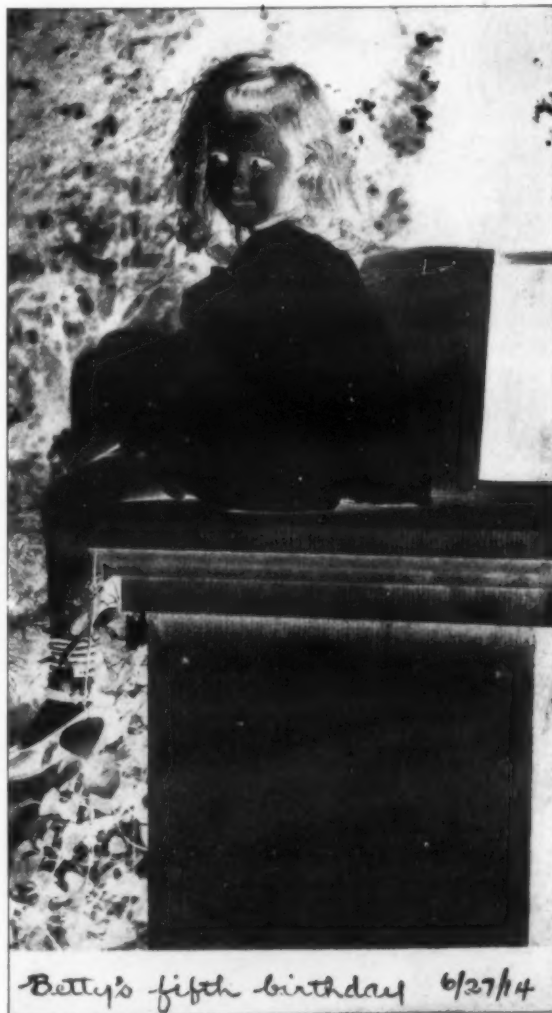
*The greatest photographic advance in twenty years.*

No. 3A Autographic Kodak, pictures  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  in., \$22.50  
 No. 3 Autographic Kodak, pictures  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$  in., 20.00  
 No. 1A Autographic Kodak, pictures  $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$  in., 17.50

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,

At all Kodak dealers'.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., The Kodak City.



AN AUTOGRAPHIC NEGATIVE.



Rubberset Company,  
Newark, N. J.

Gentlemen:

Since you want to know, I may say that during my travels at sea, campaigning with the comforts of a man-o-war or ashore in Mexico, I find that the RUBBERSET is the thing. And all your brushes, shaving and otherwise take up mighty little space in the kit and stand the wear and tear.

Henry Reuterdahl.



## Reuterdahl Says "RUBBERSET is the thing"

Do not be at sea as to safety: Declare War on loose bristles. Every bristle-shedding tooth brush is a menace, and every detached bristle an enemy to health. Just one bristle "shot" into your gums, throat or intestines can prove a health destroyer of no small consequence.

# RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

**Y**OU can't eliminate loose bristles unless you eliminate buying tooth brushes that are basically wrong in construction.

Maybe you haven't had anything happen to you—yet—like a bristle in the throat—inflamed gums—or bristles in the intestines or appendix—but if you want to INSURE safety you will have to enlist the RUBBERSET Safety Tooth Brush in your services.

The RUBBERSET Safety Tooth Brush will guarantee and protect you against bristle dangers. The patented RUBBERSET process of gripping all the bristles in hard vulcanized rubber is new and distinctive in tooth brush construction.

**W**EAR and hard usage cannot make any part of a RUBBERSET tuft let go one single bristle, and for all this security, satisfaction and freedom from danger you pay ONLY the ordinary price of a good tooth brush.

It is just so with the RUBBERSET Shaving Brush. Captain Reuterdahl says it is "the thing." It is the "only thing" in shaving brush construction that gives a life-time of service under a guarantee of freedom from bristle shedding.

Climates, waters, hard battles of service, or peaceful usage leave no scar on a RUBBERSET. There is every possible style and every possible price from 25c upwards to \$7.

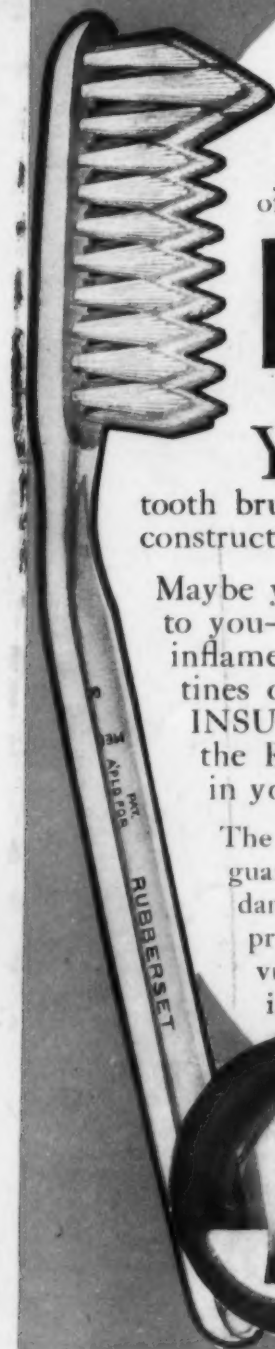
**RUBBERSET COMPANY, Newark, N. J.**

R. & C. H. T. Co., Props.

United Profit Sharing Coupons are packed with every RUBBERSET Brush. Good for Valuable premiums.

The arrow points to one of the many individual brush sections, showing how each bristle is gripped in hard vulcanized rubber and cannot come out.

The base that holds the bristles of a RUBBERSET Shaving Brush is a marvelous piece of construction. All the bristles (not a single one escaping) are fastened in pure Para rubber, which is then vulcanized to the hardness of flint.







5